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THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TWO VERSES.

BY E. M. BEMENT.

"Come quick to my arms," said a devotee
To a handsome, laughing, rolliking sprite,
"Come quick to my arms and let me see
Whether you're heavy or whether you're light."

"If heaven had made you better in looks
And bigger in pocket, and more a knave,
Right quick would I hang on your loving hooks,
But now," she replied, "I can't so behave."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MY FRIEND.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Author of "The Tripe Tales," "In beyond the Orchard," "My Experience in the Country" "The Plaster Peddler," etc., etc.

March, cold and desolate, over the lone moors and bleak hills here in the country. The dark pinions of the storm-spirit brush the ice-breathing air, and the white ghostly snow falls drearily down upon the earth. God pity the poor in their miserable abodes!—the homeless wanderer who may be abroad this night!

Sitting here in this great lonesome country house, before the blazing maple-wood fire, watching the flame-tongues leap madly up the black-throated chimney, I find no pleasure in the present—the future is a dim void! Shall I go back to the past? The happy past? No, not all sunshine—not all bright—but light was only made more luminous by shadow, and the gloom, which for a season lingered, enhanced the after glory! A halo hovers over past remembrances!—rainbow-tinged, touched with the pencil of immortal radiance! Blessings on these remembrances, for my heart has much pleasure in them!

Of all the scenes on which I love to linger—of all the rose-draped pictures graven upon the tablets of my memory—my early school-days shine out the clearest, brightest, *dearest!* Sometimes, of sober evenings, like this, sitting alone with my thoughts, I seem to reach far back through the dim arches of time which connect to-day with years agone, and once more hold in my embrace forms which the grave-mould has long covered!

But there comes an awakening! The reality saddens me, but such is the way of all the earth, and life is but a transitory season of blighted hopes, and brief golden fruitions! A foretaste of the glorious beatitude which shall yet burst upon the redeemed of all nations!

I have now, in mind, the picture of a beautiful little village nestling on the green shores of our peaceful New Hampshire lake—the pellucid waters, called by the Indians in their quaint musical language, Winnipisseogee—or, The Smile of The Great Spirit.

The village with which I now have to do, I am pleased to denominate Lakeville—assuring the curious reader that he will not be likely to find *that* name upon any map, yet the locality exists, notwithstanding.

Lakeville, like all other Northern villages, had an "aristocracy"—the minister, lawyer, physician and merchant, with their families, composing it. These royal personages completely shut out the baker, iron-monger, laborer etc., with their families, and consequently, Lakeville was not divided by a "geographical line" but by one far more disastrous to popular happiness.

I was sent there, when about fifteen years of age, to attend school in the Academy, which raised its *one* spire up to the heavens as proudly as do the many domes and minarets of the famed Smithsonian Institute. The school was not large—only about one hundred pupils, of both sexes, and when I had become acquainted, I was very happy there, notwithstanding the general unsociability which distinguished Lakeville.

We, at the school, were a little family by ourselves—a sort of independent monarchy—unearing for the petty slanders distributed regarding us, and going on with our rides, walks, excursions on the lake, and little *recherche* parties, much to the scandal of the good people of the village, who pronounced us "dissolute, wild, and a disgrace to Lakeville!"

The first morning of my attendance at school, I noticed, in the piazza of the Academy, a young lady about my own age, who attracted me in a strange manner, and I did a thing which I seldom do in such a case, inquired her name.

"Edith Maywood, of Westmore," said my informant, "you will not like her; she is the haughtiest creature in existence! The ground is'nt half good enough for her to tread on, judging from her appearance!"

This unfavorable report of Miss Maywood only invested her with a new interest to my mind, and at the close of afternoon exercises, I addressed her in the cloak-room. An impulse led me to do so.

She held out her hand, white and soft, and grasped mine warmly:

"We will be friends, in spite of them!" she said, while her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed. That was all she said, and I made no reply, but Edith Maywood from that hour was enshrined in a sacred place in my young heart. Ever afterwards, so long as we were together, we were inseperable. We sat together, were in the same classes, rode, walked, and sailed upon the lake together, and the more I saw of her character the closer was I drawn, as it were by invisible chords, towards her. It was not her beauty that attracted me—far from it, but the unsullied purity of her soul, and the brave, true heroism of her maiden heart.

Edith was, as I have said before, about my own age, rather below the medium height, but with a form most exquisitely modelled; her hair, of a rich amber brown curled lovingly around her small classic head. Her complexion was pale except when excited, and then the crimson of the damask rose was more than rivalled by the crimson of her cheek, and the deep coral freshness, which dwelt ever on her ripe lips. But her eyes were the centre of her attractions—such eyes I have never looked into! They reminded me of deep, deep pools, beside which I played in childhood; bright, but far away, fathomless! To be brief, Edith Maywood was lovelier than any dream which had ever swept its gorgeous imagery over me, and I gave her a love which has never been bestowed on another!

Hitherto I have said nothing of our teachers, and even now, I shall only speak of one, the head Preceptor, for the reason that it is with him alone, of the six instructors who were placed over us, that I have to do.

Wilton Graves was young for the important charge which he had assumed, but his high attainments well qualified him for the faithful discharge of his duties, and ere long, he won the love and esteem of all with whom he was associated.

He was a man in whose opinion I should have placed implicit confidence—one of clear judgement, and exquisite sensibility, and I verily believed he would sooner have died than inflicted injury on the humblest of God's creatures! He was proud in a degree; and so few as regarded worldly station, was dependent on his own efforts for a livelihood. He was not handsome, but there was a fire of nobleness in his calm gray eye, and the seal of a lofty purpose on his broad pale brow; and when I first saw Mr. Graves I knew that he was one of Heaven's nobility.

Edith had known him before their coming to Lakeville, but she avoided speaking of this acquaintanceship, and I did not question her.

In the school was a young man by the name of Dorsey—Henry Dorsey, a gay, social fellow, with a face and form which might have well given Apollo grounds for jealousy. Dorsey was the son of a wealthy Boston merchant, and from a maternal uncle he had inherited, but two years previously, an immense fortune. This young man loved Edith. Any one possessed of ordinary penetration would easily have discovered this; and although many said different, I *knew* that his passion was thrown away. Edith never said as much to me, in words; but every look, gesture, and impulse, when in his presence, revealed to me the truth.

Time passed, and I noticed a change in Edith—not that she was less affectionate in her manner towards me, but she seemed pre-occupied, and sad. I felt that she was suffering, and longed to sympathise with her, but I could not force sympathy upon her.

One evening toward the close of October, Edith and I went out to walk on the shore of the lake. It was a delightful evening! The blue peaks of Mt. Belknap and old Bareface rose grandly up on the farther shore, and around their summits, the purple sunset hung masses of crimson drapery fringed with liquid gold.

We sat down on a bleak promontory which frowned above a sort of bay, and Edith laid her head wearily in my lap. I smoothed back the rich hair from her flushed cheeks, and she lay quiet there for a long time. At length, she raised her head and looked fixedly in my face.

"Can I trust to your patience with my faults and tell you all?" She asked the question with the manner of one who had committed some great crime.

"Yes, Edith, you can trust me," I said, briefly.

She continued, "To make all clear to you, I must narrate the whole history of my life, but I shall condense it as much as possible, so it will not detain you long. My childhood and that of Wilton Graves was passed together. He was my neighbor, my playmate, my friend. His parents were poor, mine were wealthy; but my proud, aristocratic father had no objections to his little daughter's playing with one who was brave enough to protect her from harms even if he was humble. Oh, if we could have been children always! Wilton, though poor, was ambitious, and by his own unremitting industry he fought his way through college. I can use no other expression, for the difficulties in his way would have been to most spirits insurmountable. But he had, in boyhood as well as in maturity, a firm indomitable resolution; and two years ago he graduated with distinguished honors. He came home on a visit previous to entering into any business, and I was among the first he visited. But I soon found that we were not to meet on the old familiar footing. My father took an early opportunity of appealing to Wilton's honor—he told him of his high hopes for his child, of the disapprobation he felt for a man who had nothing but education to recommend him—and ended with forbidding him his house, and the society of his former playmate. Stung to the quick, Wilton left his home precipitately, and I saw him no more until three months ago I came here to Lakeville and found him Principal of this Institution. Judge of my surprise—shall I confess it? my *pleasure?* I will not tell you that, from my very childhood, I have loved Wilton Graves; you must have ere this discovered my secret. When I came here, he greeted me kindly as any friend would, and I returned his salutation with a coldness wholly foreign to my nature. My friend, the fear that *he* would discover my fatal secret has made me unhappy ever since I have been thus mysteriously thrown in to his society. Two weeks ago, I received an offer of Marriage—a declaration of love if you like it better—from Henry Dorsey, I refused, very simply; for I do not love him—I never can. Yesterday a letter came from my father—I dare not trust myself to repeat the bitter words in which his wishes were couched, but he says I must either become Dorsey's or be disowned of my parents—thrust from my cherished home! cast upon the mercy of strangers! What can I do? How shall I escape this awful fate?

"To increase my wretchedness, Dorsey came to me this morning with renewed protestations of his hateful love, and urged upon me obedience to my father's wishes. I have given him to-morrow morning at seven o'clock to come and hear my final decision. I feel that it must be in accordance with his desires. Though I do not love him—though every throb of my heart belongs to another, yet must I become in name the wife of Henry Dorsey! Never, no never so long as life and reason remained, should this be, if I knew that Wilton Graves loved me! Not the confined powers of earth and Hades should force me into the despicable union! But Wilton is proud, too proud to sue for favor from one higher in the world's temple than himself, and if he ever felt for me a spark of love long ago his pride crushed it out! He meets me now only with calm friendship and I cannot endure it! I must have change—little do I care what becomes of me, lacking his love! Life is nothing to me, and if my father's happiness," how bitterly she spoke the words, "can be enhanced by my immolation I will not shrink from my fate! Come, let us go home." She drew her arm within mine, and silently we went back to the village. I was too much of a child to advise her, so I could only pity.

A fortnight more, and our school closed. I said farewell with tearful eyes to dear Edith, and shook hands with Dorsey who was henceforth to be the dearest (?) friend to the wretched girl.

The next day, I met Mr. Graves at the steam-boat depot. He was to leave by the Northern steamer, I by the Southern one. As the boat which was to take him away, neared the wharf, he drew me aside, and catching me hastily in his arms kissed me with much emotion.—"You were *her* friend, *she* loved you!" he said brokenly, and in another moment he was on board the busy steamer. Then I knew that Edith had been loved even as fondly as she had given!

Six weeks after my arrival at home, I received a delicately embossed card, engraved, "Mr. & Mrs. Henry Dorsey. *Edith* Maywood." The sacrifice had been offered.

I wrote immediately and tendered my congratulations. Shortly afterwards, Edith replied, through her husband, that she was well and happy.

One year after the marriage of my friends, I took up a Southern paper and looking hurriedly and carelessly over it I read this simple notice:

"*Died in Havanna, Cuba, Sept. 17th, Wilton Graves, formerly of Westmore, N. H. aged 24. Disease, consumption.*"

Ah! consumption how much soul-anguish is laid to thy charge!

But a few days after reading this sorrowful paragraph I received a letter from Edith—and such a letter! My blood congealed with agony as I perused it! She knew all—a letter written by Mr. Graves in his last moments and sent to her after his death had touchingly revealed the story of his intense love, his early death!

Four years have gone by since then, and Edith Dorsey is now the leader of fashion in one of our Northern cities—they say she is gay, brilliant and happy; but I know that her heart lies in a humble grave far away in the palm-shaded Indies.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"I sometimes have thoughts in my loneliest hours
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers."

And these thoughts, seemingly heaven-born, always lead my soul back to its portals. They are bright, they are beautiful, different from life, wherein oftimes strange and novel scenes are enacted. Then, in the loneliness of this hour, who will chide me for wandering off, forgetful awhile of all that surrounds me here, and seeking like some Eastern Peri, the gem which has power to open the very doors of Heaven? True I cannot traverse distant lands, be an eye-witness to thrilling events, but here, seated by my desk, entirely shut in from the world, I gladly chase every bright thought, which swells into existence. Thus have I framed these Pictures. There are many such framed within the heart, veiled in the silver light of memory, and I would not that the dust of ages ever should darken the original brightness.

HEART-PICTURES.—NO I.

An infant boy lay in its mother's breast,
A tiny, fragile thing, yet wondrous fair;
With a sweet, cherub smile dimpling its cheek
And dark, dreamy, tear-filled eyes, which, gazing
Above, seemed to dwell upon the sky;
As if to trace its pathway back to Heaven.
Its brow was fair and high, the future dome
Of thought: and the pale mother gazed fondly
On the lost yet dearest tie that bound her soul
To Earth—the last tender link of a chain,
One end in Heaven, the other on her breast.
The babe lay still, a gentle lullaby
Had stilled the quivering of its dewy lips,
And on the stillness of a summer's eve,
A fond mother's prayer was murmured forth:
"God of love and truth! go with my child
Through all the winding pathways of this life:
Omega rightly named, the last bright trust,
Thou my Father, hast given me here to guard.
I give him back to thee, for soon the grave
Will make my spirit free; and if angels
Are redeemed spirits, oh, make me one!
That I may watch and guard my infant boy
And bring him in angel form to Thee."
The mother's prayer, now scarce a breath,
Gently broke over the stilly night—
But methought each bright twinkling star
That gemmed the high and arch'd vault,
Looked an angel, the bright bearer
Of our prayers: and so the Future
Proved—a mother's prayer breathed on earth
An angel writes in Heaven.

MATTIE MELNOTTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HOME AGAIN.

BY ONE FAR AWAY.

The time has just passed, which has brought about a temporary, and in all probability, a final separation for many of us.

Just at this point, reflection on the one hand, and anticipation on the other, weigh with intensity upon the spirit. The old bell has just tolled its last imperative summons, and ere the last vibration had ceased, many were far away.

Our musty old textbooks have been carefully stacked away to enjoy a quiet snooze, and silence and desertion now prevail where but recently all was activity. When nothing comes up for immediate attention, memory returns with a mixed medley of remeniscences, each in itself well worthy of sound philosopical meditation, for each incident has carried with it weighty considerations, pending on the merest point.

And thus sage conclusions might be drawn while revewing each hour of the past scholastic year, but these with their attendant charms have ceased to excite an emotion. The temporary din and bustle of separation, the fleeting regrets at parting with boon companions and dearer friends, the hurried inquiries respecting a probable return have occupied our thoughts for a moment, but they too have waved quickly away.

The distracted thoughts, the fertile, imaginative speculations, the plans for injoymet, have all been merged into one mighty idea, and the response to every inquiry echoes "home again."

Months ago we felt downcast at separation; we were bidding farewell to those dearly loved, but now the world wears a brighter smile, for we soon shall meet at "home again." We give little heed to whatever has been unpleasant or unfortunate in the past, for kindleir smiles, and domestic embraces beckon us "home again."

There the innocent prattle of unsophisticated childhood shall exult in wanted glee as the announcement is made that one long lost one has returned "home again."

Each Mother, who has bravely and faithfully supported the tardy days and weeks, as they have slowly plodded by one by one, but oftentimes has she feebly bowed beneath the oppressive weight of solitude and suspense, will weep tears of joy, as she passionately embraces her long absent one, and returns thanks that only Mother's hearts can feel to that overruling Providence which has brought her wandering boy safely "home again."

Each revered sire, whose very appearance begets a feeling of reverence, the sound of whose voice demands obedience, sheds a tear of gratitude, and with extended hand, pronounces a holy benediction, welcomes his son to a place beneath the parental roof, and proclaims him an inmate of "home again."

"In no language" says Lieber, the German lexicographer, "is there a word expressive of so much ease, comfort and exemption from toil as the English *Home*" and we would add, that in no country are the pleasures so pure, or the independance so essentially characteristic, as in our own American homes. Where the oppressive hand of tyrants can make no national assessments to deprive us of our civel rights; where the parsimonious fist of a griping landlord cannot wrest from us, our domestic enjoyments, but he who possesses an acre feels that it is his own, and home is home, if it is but the merest hut.

It is the remembrance of home and its associations which checks the hand of vengeance when about to perpetrate a deed of violence; which, like religion, appeases the anger of an offended man, by bringing to his recollection scenes of innocent boyhood, and the images of those who would meekly chide him for his impetuosity.

When adversity has tried the spirit, when wealth, when affluence, when worldly friends and worldly comforts, which for a season have gladdened the heart, and left it bruised and almost lifeless, it is the influence of early recollections, which makes the bereaved feel that there are domestic joys, though never again to be realized, and which spreads out to view the long lost rest of "home, sweet home."

It is this holy influence which brings poignant remorse to the devotee of sensual pleasure. When the tastes and passions have become vitiated and then sated with indulgence, the holy parental injunctions, the embraces of innocence and purity, the unadulterated joys of childdood, and all those hallowed enfluences concentrate their power and goad the guilty conscence to repentance or desparation.

Adventure, thirst for knowledge, curiosity to see what is strange or unusual, the hidden treasures of other lands the scientific pursuits of modern artists and philosophers, the wonders of ancient architecture, the stupendous ruins of ancient domes and heathen palaces may lure the traveler hence by their novelty, and present to his very grasp all that is famous or distinguished, yet all is void and dark until the light that sparkles from his own hearthstone, with all its blest endearments, looms up before him, like a beacon above the angry waters of life, to beckon him "home again."

And these are the homes we now go to seek; these are the homes which have witnessed our juvenile sports, and our boyish peccadilloes, we now hasten away to seek those smiles and caresses, which erst we won with indifference. These are the homes where harmony and fond affection shall reign without a rival, the havens of rest where billows of worldy care shall for a season cease their furious lashing, and the little tempest-tost bark shall moor in a harbor of unmolested serenity; where the deluge of temptation, the jagged rocks and breakers of bitter enmity and the Maelstrom of smoothfaced hypocrisy, which are continually raging and boiling deep down in the murky ocean of Life, shall for a time be quelled in their insatiate madness, while we revel in luxury and innocent peace, safe within the portals of our own sweet native homes.

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore.
And O! it fills my soul with joy to meet my friends once more."

Let persecution, let black disappointment and frowning misfortune came and beset me with destitution, but let me turn with childlike confidence to my early home. Let hate and malice rage in all their blackness and corruption, let the cringing sycophant fondle while the eaglet of prosperity is on the wing, and spurn when the proud flutterer has bitten the dust and "let the world heave on in its ocean noise, but give me home and give me friends."

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, for God has given my share,
I still have hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst those humble bowers to lay me down,
I still have hopes, for pride attends us still
Amidst those swains to show my booklearned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw,
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still have hopes, my long vexations past
There to return—and die at home at last.

A GRAND TOUR—THE GREAT EASTERN.—The Canadia Railway Guide, of July 4th, says that the Great Eastern steamship will positively sail from Holyhead Harbor—her point of departure from England—for Portland in April next year, and that tourist tickets will be issued by her for a five weeks' trip, the period during which the Great Eastern will remain at Portland. It is intended that these tickets should include the passage money out and home, and all railway and steamboat fares from Portland to Quebec, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, New York, Boston, and back to Portland. The price of the tickets, it is now supposed, will be $500.

Prospects for Corn are good.

Educational

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A Debate on the Common School System.

BY F. W. M.

In a country where every man is free to profess, and by argument to maintain his opinions, there is scarcely a village without its "Debating Society." There are probably but few young men, who have enjoyed the advantages of education, who have not paid some attention to the art of debating, and at some time or other felt ambitious to excel their companions in this improving exercise.

At the present time when the subject of Common Schools is attracting the attention of all persons who feel interested in the promotion of the cause of education, it may not be out of place to report the discussion of a question, which recently came before the "Evergreen Club" of D——.

It has been often remarked that different persons form different opinions upon the same subject. This is to be attributed not so much, to a difference in their reasoning powers or mental habits, as to the influence of the different circumstances in which they have been placed. As different persons, viewing the same physical object from different points, will form different opinions as to its size, quality or properties, and as their impressions will be more or less distinct, in proportion as they are more or less particular in their observation, so will their opinion be more or less correct, upon any question which is presented for their consideration, according to the medium through which it is viewed, the light thrown upon it by a free discussion of its merits, and the candor and zeal with which it is investigated.

If we wish to appreciate fully the views of any person upon any particular subject, and understand why he maintains certain opinions, so different perhaps from those we may entertain upon the same subject, we must know something of his history and the influences that operated upon him. For this reason I shall prefix to the argument of each polemic, a brief statement relating to his history.

The Evergreen Club is composed of natives of different states. Some enjoyed the advantages of wealth and received a liberal education. Others worked their way up among the learned and respected, by the might of their own strong arms, and the steady application of their minds to the acquisition of knowledge. The labor of their hands yielded them support, and the judicious use of the means within the reach of every man, made them sufficiently learned for all the ordinary purposes of Life.

The question, the discussion of which I propose to report is embodied in the following language.

"Is it the duty of government to provide for the primary education of all classes of citizens?"

Mr. Wanzer, as I shall name the speaker who opened in the affirmative, was born in a log cabin situated on the side of an "old field" in one of the eastern counties of Va. He belonged to a family of the class, termed by certain bipeds "plebian" or "common stock." During his youth, he spent a portion of his time in labor, another portion which included Sundays, in hunting or lounging around a country store. As he grew up to manhood, he began to feel the want of an education, and accordingly commenced studying: with what success may appear from his argument in the affirmative of the foregoing question. He said:

"Mr. President:—To understand the duty of government with respect to the subject of education, we must investigate the relations existing between the government and those over whom it is established. We must also understand the relation of the different classes of each community to each other, and see how nearly their interests are identified.

"The theory of a government, according to our democratic notions, supposes the consent of the people to its establishment; that it is created by the people for their benefit, and that they expect it to adopt that course that will most tend to promote the happiness of the citizens without distinction of caste and the prosperity of the State. The foundation of republicanism is the diffusion of knowledge. An educated people only are prepared for self-government. The diffusion of knowledge increases happiness, because it increases the means of happiness. It results from these two propositions that the degree of freedom and happiness enjoyed must depend upon the intelligence of the people.

"We are informed that governments arise either out of the people or over the people. 'The two forms of government that prevail in the world, are first: Government by election and representation; secondly: Government by hereditary succession. The former is generally known by the name of Republic; the latter by that of Monarchy and Aristocracy. These two distinct and opposite forms erect themselves on the two distinct and opposite bases of Reason and Ignorance. As the exercise of government requires talents and abilities, and as talents and abilities can not have hereditary descent, it is evident that hereditary succession requires a belief from man to which his reason can not subscribe; and which can only be established upon his ignorance; and the more ignorant any country is, the better it is fitted for this species of government.'*

"If this proposition, which was laid down by one of the great men of revolutionary memory, is correct, we must conclude that in order to preserve the republican form of government under which we live, we must provide for the education of all classes of citizens. It is not sufficient that a favored few enjoy the advantages of education, for 'knowledge is power,' and any system, under which the means of acquiring an education are within the reach of only a few, will tend to change a democracy into a monarchy.

"Unless the government provides for the primary education of all classes, many persons from necessity grow up in ignorance. Is it the *duty* of government to provide for them? We know that government is established for the benefit of all persons, who contribute to its support or owe it allegiance. To provide for the education of all, the government must necessarily levy taxes upon the property of those who are in no need of assistance from the government, in order to educate the children of their poor neighbors. A burden is imposed upon the freeholder and the capitalist for the purpose of instructing the child of poverty. What will justify government in imposing such a burden?

"The first argument in favor of the imposition of such a burden upon the wealthy, is founded upon the proposition already laid down; that the maintainance of a republican form of government requires the education of those upon whom it devolves for support.

"The second is drawn from the fact, that there is such an intimate relation existing between the *real* interests of those who have, and those who are without property, that every act of government which primarily benefits one class, must ultimately benefit the other, when its object is the promotion of the welfare and happiness of *the people as one community.*

"For example, consider the law which requires every man, with few exceptions, to serve his country in time of war, to protect property, and many who are thus compelled to protect property, have not enough of their own to pay the expense of their burial. Has the government any right to compel one man to peril his life, to protect the property of another from pillage by a foreign foe?

"A moment's reflection satisfies the mind that a poor man is in reality, as much benefitted by a law which tends to secure property, as one who can boast of his thousands. One who has no property is interested in that of his more fortunate neighbor, for perhaps he depends upon the employment, which the existence of that property enables him to obtain for his support, and the amount of his wages will depend upon the prosperity of his neighbor.

"So a tax levied upon property for the support of schools for the benefit of the poor, may at first view seem a burden imposed upon the wealthy from which they can derive no benefit. A little reflection upon the subject satisfies the mind, that such an art is not dictated by charity or philanthropy merely, but by principles of justice and sound policy. It is justice to the poor man who must defend the property of his neighbor, to appropriate some portion of that property to the education of his children that they may be prepared to discharge intelligently the duties of citizens. It is sound policy; for the children of the poor must come in contact with the children of the wealthy, and if their education is neglected and the morals uncared for, their influence will scarcely be beneficial to the community. They will make better citizens if their education is cared for than if left to grow up in ignorance of the duties they owe to the State."

* Rights of Man. Part 1. p. 152.

(A few more speeches are to follow, too much for one paper; the reader should, therefore, preserve the numbers, in order to keep the connection. They might also be of much service hereafter.)—*Eds. Times.*

NEW ARRANGEMENT FOR CARRIAGES.—Two sets of plate spring are connected with the axles of the carriage, near the ends of the axles. Those belonging to the front wheels are attached to a bed, by means of a ball and socket joit; by which method the body of the vehicle is not subjected to all the jars and concussions that attend vehicles of the common construction. When either of the front wheels passes over an obstruction, the movement is not transmitted to the bed of the carriage, because the ball and socket joint permits the axle and springs to move independently of the bed—a ingeniously devised arrangement.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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The Goldsboro Tragedy.

This tragical affair has been much exaggerated in the early published reports, and as horrifying as it is, we are glad to see it is not as bad as first reported, which gave instant death to Dr. D. and the two Germans.

The Goldsboro correspondent of the Petersburg Express gives the following statement of the sad affair which we presume is perfectly correct, as it was written by one of the editors of the Goldsboro Tribune, who was an eye witness to all the proceedings:

"I gave you a telegraphic report of the awful tregedy that occured here yesterday. Never have I seen such an excitement in a small place before, and hope never to again. Business was almost entirely suspended during the whole of yesterday. Men women and children, black and white, were runing to and fro. Dr. Jno. W. Davis, one of out best citizens—a whole-souled, benevolent, good man—one whom everybody loves, was shot down yesterday morning, between 6 and 10 o'clock, by a German, who keeps a shop here, and his step-son. The German had warranted D. on an account, part of which was forged. The constable went to Dr. D. several days ago with the account, and delivered an insulting message from the German, and seeing part of it was a forgery, Dr. D. met the German and caned him. The German kept pushing the Constable on, and insisted on his bringing Davis to trial. Yesterday the parties were summoned by the officer to come before a magistrate, and they met in a store, where the shooting occurred.

Both the Germans were heavily armed, having five or six pistols between them, each one having a revolver—and the younger one had also a bowie knife. Poor, generous, unsuspecting Davis was unarmed—had not even a stick or a knife. A dispute arose as to the account. Davis being given the lie, I believe, by the elder German, picked up a small shovel, and flourished it, as if to strike, when the young German—a mere boy 16 or 18 years of age coolly drew a pistol and deliberately fired. The ball passed in at the right breast, and came out at the side penetrating the lung. Davis made at him, when the old German commenced shooting, and between them both, five shots were fired at Davis, doing no other injury, however, save the shot in the breast, and nearly shooting off a finger on the right hand. Old Odeinhammer in aiming at Davis, shot his son-in-law in the back, giving him a painful wound, though not a dangerous one. Davis would have been killed instantly, but for a nephew of his (noble boy), about 15 or 18, who ran in just as the elder German had a pistol at his temple, and picked up a spade sitting by, and felled him to the floor, badly fracturing his skull. Father and son were both conveyed at once to jail, where they were attended by physicians. Dr. Davis was carried in the arms of his friends to the office of Dr. Creighton, near by where all has been done that mortals could do up to the present. Though the wound is considered by him and other physicians a dangerous one, he is considered better this morning, and strong hopes are entertained of his recovery.

I never saw such demonstrations of sympathy manifested in favor of any one by all classes and conditions, as has been in behalf of Dr. Davis. If he has an enemy in our community, save the men who tried to murder him, I know it not. As he cannot yet be moved to his residence, his young and lovely wife, in company with his sisters, have visited him two or three times. I saw the first meeting between him and his wife yesterday after the affair happened, and never before have I witnessed such an instance of calm devotion. Both knowing the necessity of the absence of excitement, were perfectly calm and conversed without the betrayal of emotion whatever; but oh! none can tell but the All-wise searcher of hearts, what anguish now wring the breasts of this (but yesterday,) happy pair. God, in his mercy, grant that his young wife may not be widowed by this tragic occurrence, but that her esteemed husband may be spared to bless her existence through a long life.

Old Odeinhammer is in prison, lying in a very critical condition.

A Dutchman who has been here but a short time, name not known to me, it was ascertained, had persuaded the Odeinhammers to pursue the course they did; and last night a large party, among whom were many of our first, and some of our wealthiest citizens, seized him rode him on a rail through town. The tar would have been applied, but none could be obtained. They gave him notice this morning to leave. The feeling against those who remain is very strong, and at a public meeting held last night at eleven o'clock, I believe it was determined to run all these fellows from the town.

Should poor Davis die, I think the excited populace will, most assuredly, wrest the two Odeinhammers from the authorities, and hang them at once.

DON'T BE A BACHELOR.

Young men—don't live a crusty bachelor. It is not good for you. It will neither improve your morals, your health, nor your beauty. Marry as you can make it convenient, and as you can shape your affairs to support a wife. But when you marry, don't fall in love with a face instead of a woman. Remember that common sense is a rare virtue, much better than silver and gold and fashion. Don't court and marry crinoline and money-bags, simply because it *is* crinoline or gold in plenty; but look for sound, practical sense in a woman first: that is the touchstone to try her other qualities by. When you have that, all else comes. Your wife that is to be, if she is full of common-sense, will grow to your way of thinking and make you grow to hers. A woman who has womanly love in her heart, will find ways to make your love toward her grow as the years go over you both. And another thing needs to be heeded, and that is—a common-sense woman is not to be found where fashion insists upon dragging young females into a whirl, where there is simply idle gossip and little brain.

Young men! don't stand looking after that young woman who has the distinguished air, the reputation of a flirt and a belle, and whose father has heaps of cash; for is it not possible that while you are straining your eyes that way, you may be turning your back upon some unobtrusive little damsel whom Nature has cut out for your other half, and who may be just that pleasant-faced, placid-tempered, lovable little creature who will think enough of you to go with you to the end of the world, and stay by and comfort you when you get gray-haired and fidgety?

Marry—young gentlemen—and keep yourselves out of scrapes. Have something to live for. A man alone in the world isn't more than half a man, and the world wants entire men. So mend yourself and be happy. And you shall have reason to say it was a good thing you resolved to marry and refused to be a solitary, beer-drinking, pipe-smoking bachelor—if you succeed as well in your effort as he who, once a young man like you, is now simply the old, contented, and comfortable.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

BY GEORGE W. COTHRAN.

NUMBER XII.

LAWRENCE STERNE.*

Were we to judge LAWRENCE STERNE; his standing as an author among the British Classics; and the merits or de-merits of his literary performances, in accordance with the popular notions and literary standards of the present day; we should most certainly do great injustice to his name and fame, and still greater injustice to his literary productions. We apprehend that the time and just standard of literary criticism is attained only by becoming intimately acquainted with the time, place, and circumstances under which the author wrote; the opinions then prevalent, and the modes of discussion of the various topics alluded to by the writer; the standard of morals and religious belief; in brief, to become acquainted, as near as may be, with every thing that was brought to bear upon the author's mind, of what nature so ever; and then to enter freely into the spirit of the writer. By these means it will readily be perceived that the critic places himself as near as it were possible in the position and situation of the author, when he wrote, and where his mind will be susceptible of the same external pressure. When the critic becomes thus circumstanced and situated, and divests himself of his present-day prejudices, he is then competent to the task of criticising the productions of the eminent authors of anterior ages, justly, impartially, and equitably.

And this rule holds good not only as regards the critic, but as regards the reader, also: in order to a complete understanding of the work, it is necessary to possess a knowledge of the times written about, and the times when the article was written.

We deem it quite necessary that the critic should occupy the situation above indicated, with reference to LAWRENCE STERNE, in order to fully appreciate, and do justice to, his productions; for he was one of the most singular and peculiar writers of all anterior periods. And yet there is a further reason why he should be thus situated, and that is, because much that Sterne has written, is intimately connected and blended with the times and the innumerable circumstances which surrounded him. That which is peculiarly local, of course, is lost, but that which relates to manners, customs rules of action, &c., having been embalmed in the pages of history, is yet ascertainable.

It has become too much "the fashion" to "cut down" many of the old standard authors of English fiction, these valiant old pioneers who first formed and gave permancy to that branch of literature. SMALLET is objected to as too-gross and obscene; SWIFT as advocating a system of false virtue, and as stirring up feelings of hatred and hypocracy in the bosoms of men against their fellows; FIELDING as being too licentious and vulgar; and STERNE for his absurdities, want of meaning, and immorality. Now, nearly every one of these objections, when scanned closely, will be found to have been put forth by those critics who did not possess a sufficient knowledge of the times when, and the circumstances under which, these staunch old humorists wrote; and were incapable of appreciating the motives by which they were actuated, or the merits of their works. In SWIFT'S case it were most difficult to avert these changes. JEFFREY was galling and severe on him—to a much greater extent than any other critic—but then political considerations were the *real* cause of much of JEFFREY'S rancor. On the other hand, Robert Chambers was STERNE'S severest critic, and we purpose to quote from this criticism at length, as it contains arguments for, as well as against him, and by a man well qualified to speak on the subject.

"Next in order of time an genius, and not inferior in conception of rich eccentric comic character [to Smallett] was the witty, pathetic and sentimental author of *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne was an original writer, though a plagiarist of thoughts and illustrations. Brother Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, the Widow Wadman, and Dr. Slop, will go down to posterity with the kindred creations of Cervantes. This idol of his own day is now, however, but little read, except in passages of pure sentiment. His broad humour is not relished; his oddities have not the gloss of novelty; his indeceiencies startle the prudish and correct. The readers of this busy age will not hunt for his beauties amidst the blank and marbled leaves—the pages of no-meaning—the quaint erudition stolen from forgo ten folios—the abrupt transitions and discursive flights in which his Shakspearean touches of character, and his gems of fancy, judgment, and feeling, lie hid and embedded. His sparkling polished diction has even an air of false glitter, yet it is the weapon of a master—of one who can stir the heart to tears as well as laughter. The want of simplicity and decency is his greatest fault. His whim and caprice, which he heartily imitated from Rabelais, and partly assumed for effect, come in sometimes with intrusive awkwardness to mar the touches of true genius, and the kindlings of enthusiasm. He took as much pains to spoil his own natural powers by affectation, as Lady Mary [Wortley Montagu] says Fielding did to distroy his fine constitution.

"The life of LAWRENCE STERNE was as little in keeping as his writings. A clergyman, he was dissolute and licentious; a sentimentalist, who had, with his pen, tears for all animate and inanimate nature, he was hard-hearted and selfish in his conduct. Had he kept to his living in the country, going his daily round of pastoral duties, he would have been a better and wiser man. "He degenerated in London," says David Garrick, "like an ill-transplanted shrub: the incense of the great spoiled his head, and their ragouts his stomach. He grew sickly and proud—an invalid in body and mind." Hard is the life of a wit when united to a susceptible temperament, and the cares and sensibilities of an author! Sterne was the son of an Irish lieutenant, and was born at Clonmel, November 24th 1713. He was educated by a relation, a cousin, and took his degree of M. A. at Cambridge in 1740. Having entered into orders, his uncle, Dr. Sterne, a rich pluralist, presented him with the living of Sutton, to which was afterwards added a prebend of York. He married a York lady, and derived from the connexion another living on that county, the rectory of Stillington. He lived nearly twenty years at Sutton, reading, painting, fiddling, and shooting, with occasional quarrels with his brethren of the cloth, with whom he was no favorite. He left Yorkshire for London in 1759, to publish the two first volumes of "Tristram Shandy." Two others were published in 1761, and the same number in 1762. He now took a tour in France, which enriched some of the subsequent volumes of "Tristram" with his exquisite sketches of peasants and vine-dressers, the muleteer, the abbess and Margarita, Maria at Monlines—and not forgetting the poor ass with his heavy panniers at Lyons. In 1764 he took another continental tour, and penetrated into Italy, to which we are indebted for his *Sentimental Journey*. The latter work he composed on his return to Coxwould, the living of which had been presented to him, on the first publication of "Tristram," by Lord Falconbridge. Having completed the first part of his "Journey," Sterne went to London to see it published, and died in lodgings in Bond Street, March 18, 1768. There was nobody but a hired nurse by his death-bed. He had wished to die in an inn, where the few cold offices he wanted would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid to him with an undisturbed but punctual attention. His wish was realised almost to the letter.

"No one reads Sterne for the story: his great work is but a bundle of episodes and digressions, strung togather without any attempt at order. The reader must "give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore." Through the whole novel, however, over its mists and absurdities, shines his little family band of friends and relatives—that inimitable group of originals and humorists—which stand out from the canvass with the force and distinctness of reality. This distinctness and separate identity is a proof of what Coleridge has termed the peculiar power of Sterne, of seizing on and bringing forward those points on which every man is a humorist, and of the masterly manner in which he has brought out the characteristics of two beings of the most opposite natures—the elder Shandy and Toby—and surrounded them with a group of followers, sketched with equal life and individuality: in the Corporal, the obstetric Dr. Slop; Yorick the lively and careless passion; the Widow Wadman and Susannah. During the intervals of publication of "Tristram," Sterne ventured before the public some volumes of *Sermons*, with his own comic figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them. The "Sermons," according to the just opinion of Gray, the poet, show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; "but," he adds, "you see the author often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig on the face of the audience." The affected pauses and abrupt transitions which disfigure "Tristram" are banished from the "Sermons," but there is, of course, more connection and coherency in the subject. The "Sentimental Journey," is also more regular than "Tristram" in its plan and details, but, beautiful as some of its discriptions are, we want the oddities of Shandy, and the ever-pleasing good nature and simplicity of Uncle Toby. Sterne himself is the only character. The pathetic passages are rather over strained, but still freely conceived, and often expressed in his most felicitous manner. That "gentle spirit of sweetest humour who erst didst sit upon the easy pen of his beloved Cervantes, turning the twilight of his prison into noon-day brightness," was seldom absent long from the invocations of his English imitator, even when he mounted his wildest hobby, and dabbled on the mire of sensuality."

In the main, Mr. Chambers is correct, yet we are inclined to think that he bears on too hard at times. As to "*Tristram Shandy*," with all its oddities, regarded simply as a work of humor and sentiment, there is no author living who can produce its counterpart; and, with the exception of the classic fiction of Cervantes, it stands unparalleled, in its peculiar vein. I see there are apparently, many indecencies and instances of moral indescretion in it, but they are not of the seductive kind; and are comparatively harmless, as they rather disgust, than betray. But because these defects occasionally mar its brilliant pages, that is no argument against its being generally read; for, were we to adopt this as a standard, how long would the Old Testament, with its gross vulgarities, be tolerated?

STERNE regards human nature as he finds it, and endeavors to reproduce, upon his pages, individuals *as they are*:—and, if in attempting to portray human nature, faithfully he blends some of the baser with the better qualities, it cannot militate against his motive, object, nor the result of his labors. The man who cannot trust his morals with the representation of a fellon upon paper, surely cannot be a good governor of them when commingling with his fellons, in reality. And yet the objectionable partions of "Tristram Shandy" consist of the absurd and the ludicrous, rather than of the indecent and immoral. His, like the writing of all the early writers of fiction; not excepting the great model of English composition, Addison, are, to a greater or less degree, tinctured with *domesticisms and socialisms* which might have been prudently discarded, with honor to the author and credit to his work. Certain incidents in the lives of his characters he describes too minutely, and probes too closely; yet in his case, as in the prosecution for libel, the defendant is at liberty to give in evidence the truthfulness of the matter excepted to and there is scarcely an incident mentioned in the book, that is not re-enacted almost daily.

With all the defects in style and in subject matter, which Mr. Chambers insists are to be found in it, we are an admirer of "Tristram Shandy." As a work of original wit and humor, it will always receive a hearty welcome by liberal-minded readers. It is a work, too, of good sound sense; a work that will profit, as well as delight; a work that none but a bigot, or a sectarian, or a person troubled with mental imbecility, will ever condemn, as a whole. We admire virtue wherever and whenever we find it; and deprecate immorality and licentiousness equally as strongly, yet, we cannot, consistently, do otherwise than enter the lists in defense of this work, in regard to its aim and tendency. While it can scarcely work any harm, it will both delight and edify; and we doubt if any reader of meritorious fiction would consider his collection of books, upon that subject, complete, without the works of LAWRENCE STERNE.

As to the "Sentimental Journey," it receives universal approbation, and, although but a mere fragment, it is a model of its class. We find but few modern travellers who write as sensible an account of their travelling experience as this. The "Sermons," which have been alluded to and which constitute the greater portion of the second volume of this edition, are rather more like ethical discourses than the sermons that we weekly retail from the pulpit. They are sound, sensible, and truly meritorious; and no reader will fall asleep over them. There is a depth of thought, brilliancy of imagination, and forcibleness of diction about them, seldom met with in printed volumes of Sermons.

In conclusion, we repeat, that the works of STERNE are worthy of a place in every well-selected library by the side of Fielding, Smollett, and others; and that no library can be considered complete without them. And when once in a library, there is scarcely a work of fiction that will be more frequently sought and read than "Tristram Shandy."

And as to this edition of the Works of STERNE, we desire to make a passing remark. It is in uniform style and binding with the works of Fielding, which we have already noticed, and is one of the number of "British Classics" now in course of publication by Messrs. DERBY & JACKSON, of New York. We are pleased to learn that this splendid literary project (of republishing the standard British novelists) is meeting with that triumphant success of which it is so deserving. It is the first time in this counsry, that the works of these great masters have been suitably published. This edition combines many excellencies, which no previous American edition has possessed, amongst which are portability of size, large clear type, beautiful white paper, and firm, elegant library binding. In a word, it is just such an edition as the merits of the works required, and the reading public demanded. May it meet with abundant success.

THE POPPY.—A letter received at the Patent Office, from Germany, says the poppy is cultivated in Southern Germany to a large extent as a substitute for sweet oil. It has supplanted the use of the imported olive oil wholly in that country. It is further stated that the soil and climate of the New England States are highly suited for the culture of this article, and they msght provide the whole union with sweet oil, and therefore save a large sum of money which goes to France and Italy. Its cultivation would be renumerative.

* THE WORKS OF LAWRENCE STERNE; comprising "TRISTRAM SHANDY" "SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY" "Letters" and "Sermons," in 2 vols. 12 mo. New York; Derby & Jackson.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS, VA.,
July 18th, 1857.

Mr. Editor: We are amongst the health-seekers who have resorted here to try these famed waters' virtue. And before a narration of facts is commenced, let us have it understood that no bribery or quid pro quo considerations have induced this epistle. Of this, Mr. Editor, you can assure any person of the North State from personal acquaintanceship. Moreover the proprietors would scarcely be thankful for newspaper notoriety. Already the comers have occupied most of the rooms of the larger dwellings. The cabins are entirely taken. And before this is in type most likely visitors will be admonished to stay away. Last season the conductors of the R. R.'s leading thither were requested to dissuade passengers from making this their destination. But having set out for the purpose of drinking from these fountains of which their friends similarly afflicted had drunk and been restored, they in many instances refused to accept other springs in the mountains in lieu of these; would not be warned away, but came crowding in.

The host, solicitous for the comfort of his guests, repaired daily, for a fortnight, to the depot, to reassure the crowd of inability for further accommodations. Yet still come they would, and did, until this cozy camp of the wilderness was filled to overflowing.

In the pamphlet descriptive of the properties of the springs are appended several certificates. Observe the one from Yanceyville. That lady is now here the better half of a loving husband, enjoying the best of health; pleased in revisiting the spot where the God of life and law hath chosen to make mockery of all the medical colleges in the land. The Rev. C. Tyree, whose letter five years anterior speaks of the efficacy of this over other watering places in this region of country, is with us—discoursing moral lectures to us on the Sabbath, enjoying appearingly the full vigor of life—communing with the unseen whose voice speaks in the rush and roar of storms that are cradled in clouds around the acme ridges, or more silently, yet not less potentially heralds his power, when he bade the caput fons from the strata of the same rock and in almost domestic propinquity to each other, wells forth medicinal waters for the healing of the maladies of humanity—affecting cures which have withstood the efforts of art with their prescriptions, which by analysis betokens similar constituency.

The mystery is but further cloaked in mist when we consider antagonistic effects produced by separate springs within ten feet of each other.

Then, too, are here invalids from the borders of the frigid lakes—citizens of the far away Pacific—residents who dwell by the tepid gulf—and who have fled from tropical heat and pestilential vapors, and sought hither antidotes for the poison of the archer's arrows, who in unseen vesture floats in their autumnal zephyrs, or who have come here—where they may even now have the atmosphere of three seasons in every twenty-four hours.

There are here those who come hither as a forlorn alternative, whose life pulse (in the prophetic language of their family physicians) "beat prophetic of its end." But who have drunk to feel that pulse quickened, and received on the *pallid cheek* the roseate glow of health—and who are now prepared to discard canes and crutches.

These are witnesses, evidences, living puffs, which give notoriety to Rockbridge Alum—and because of which each day brings its accession to the five hundred already here—and also on which account the proprietors require no advertisements as auxiliary influence to the annual income, equal to the President's salary for four years.

The cars come within six miles. And southerners are instructed to reach here via Richmond.

Mountains almost circumbound the place, which is laid off after the manner of a Methodist campmeeting with its encircled lawn of an area about five acres, which has its inviting bowers of trees.

There are some twenty-five or thirty cabins with five or six buildings of expansive dimensions—fronting generally to the lawn.

The cabins have four rooms and constructed with the view of accommodating families—porticos in front with two doors opening on them, and two rooms with exit portals on the opposite sides. The larger buildings are somewhat of the Swiss architecture with rooms and hallways after the fashion of a Hotel.

A crystal brook flashes its living waters, as it comes down, leaping with hydraulic song over its rocky bed from the mountain above, and curves in crescent way about the hamlet, and then in meandering labyrinths, shoots off by the teeming garden to join the confluence of arteries going back to the ever beating heart. A freestone spring gushes from the rocks in the adjacent mountains and pours its silver thread into the cisterns within the enclosure—as pure and sweet as ever burst from rocks—from which thousands could slake their thirst.

The Old North is here ably represented. Without aiming to be arrogant we think Carolina is honorably represented. Indeed a distinguished citizen of the "Old Dominion" remarked of an individual from N. C., that he was the most perfectly burnished gentleman he had ever met met.

Col. Wilson, of Texas Ranger notoriety, is with us. He was through the whole campaign in which the lone star struggled for liberty, drew life chances in the famous black bear lottery. And though several times wounded, yet he came nearer meeting death at the 1st of June riot in Washington, by a wound through the shoulder from a musket ball, whilst sitting at the second story window of a private house, than whilst engaged in the perils of war against the treacherous Mexicans.

The Colonel was raised in this country, and gives remarkable accounts of this place as far back as 1820.

It was then not accessible by wagons, and persons who sojourned here lived in rude temporary tents. Its local notoriety was then as is its universal fame now. And we can only conjecture why its advantages were so long sealed from public eye—from the fact that it is almost shut out from the world.

But one road leads to it from the main pike; it is the only avenue of approach or egress.

The stage road which goes around the lawn that brings the traveler to our hotel-door, is the terminus of travel. And the explorer twenty years ago would have thought this the last place in the world to live. The stories of preceding generations are always interesting. The old Colonel gave us accounts of the hunting sports of this region thirty years ago.

Of the abundance of game in the woods and trout in the streams, to which we listened with attention. But the alarm for dinner is sounding. We remember the hunters brought our host some fresh venison yesterday evening. We bid you adieu for the luxuries and substantials of the table. Obediently, ALFRED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

DANBURY FEMALE SEMINARY.

This flourishing young Institution is located at the pleasant little village of Danbury, which stands on the romantic banks of the far-famed, classic Dan, and is surrounded by blue hills, rocky peaks, bright, merry waters, foaming cascades, and healing fountains for the restoration of the gloomy and the invalid.

Not long since, while traveling through that pleasant country, surrounding, it was our privilege to attend the Annual Examination of the Seminary, under the Principalship of Miss ADA MOORE. We were pleasantly surprised to see a number of rosy intelligent lasses, well trained in the sciences, and admirably posted as to the customs and fashions of the present age. The examination of the classes was interesting and satisfactory. The compositions were grammatical, rhetorical, logistical, sensible, and some, even, *sprightly*. The music was good, if we may judge from the amount of cheering by the audience.

The Annual Address was delivered by Prof. L. Branson of Lenoir Collegiate Institute. His subject was "the developments of our country," on which he spoke three quarters of an hour to an orderly and attentive congregation, and we trust all were more or less impressed with the value and necessity of a christian, literary spirit. At night the young ladies of the Institution gave a reception, no less satisfactory to many young *gentlemen*, than it was magnificent and complimentary to *themselves*.

The Seminary is beautifully located in a grove in the upper part of the village, near the new Methodist Church. From a short acquaintance, we judge the people of the place to be plain, hospitable, industrious and christian—but little disposed to the "high-falutin." Their gratuitous entertainment, pressing regards for strangers, and abiding interest in their favorite institution, are all peculiarly observable by visitors from a distance. Success to the Seminary and all its friends.

ANONYMOUS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, July 24th, 1857.

As it has been some time, since I communed with your readers, Messrs. Editors, I thought I would scratch a few thoughts for your and their perusal.

We have had some stirring times here within the last month, but things have pretty much quieted down to their proper places. The Mayor has taken his seat in the board of police commissioners, and no further riots are now anticipated, though there is still a strong feeling against the Metropolitans or abolition police, and we can imagine what would have been the state of the Union had the Republican party been in power at the last National Election, by looking at the state of things under their dominion here.

Murders, robberies and rapes are of nightly occurrence, and the citizens are talking about forming a Vigilance Committee and taking the laws in their own hands, as it is dangerous to go out after night unless you are armed. But I think the next Election will put an end to our troubles in that line.

Our City is what the doctors call "distressingly healthy" at this time, and the bills of Mortality are less than they have been for a number of years, which is probably owing to the cool Spring and Summer we have had.

The ladies (God bless them) are still on the increase, and it is now nearly a day's voyage around them, and if they only filled their hoops, the honey moon in most cases would last much longer, as it would take at least a week to hug them all round; a fellow would have to chalk as far as he could reach and begin where he left off, to get their circumference. I suppose you have heard of the fellow who was so tall that it took two looks to see to the top of him. Well by the same rule it would take four looks to see around some of our expanding females.

I have just returned from a meeting of the Contributors of the York County Star, and for whole-souled hospitality I do not think the people of Wrightsville, Pa., can be beat. But I noticed one peculiarity, that is, they charge Editors for riding on their Rail Roads, and I must say it does not say much for the liberality of the R. R. Companies in that part of the Keystone State.

Our merchants are getting in their fall goods in anticipation of a heavy Southern trade. Prices and styles differ but little from last years.

I was glad to see you did not notice *Helper's* "Impending crisis of the South," as it is the darkest abolition work I have read for some time; the less said of it the better.

I am cheered weekly by the bright face of the Times, and would feel lost if it should by any chance not come. Wishing you much prosperity, I am as ever,

ST. CLARE VESPER.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, July 29.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 16½@18; Beef 5@7; Beeswax 20; Butter 15@20; Coffee 16½, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 1.10@0.00 Meal 1.25@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40@45; Flour 6.00@7.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 40@50; Lard 16½@18; Molasses 1.80@; Nails 6@7; Oats 60; Peas, yellow 1.30@, white 130@0.00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 0@3; Rice 8@0.00; Salt 2.25@0.00; Sugar, Brown 14@15, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.13@1.30; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, July 28.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Cumming & Styron, Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hoground 15 @, western sides 14@18, western shoulders 11@11, hams 15@14; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 22@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 92@0.00; Cotton 12@13½; Coffee, rio 11½a12, lagura 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 8.25@8.50 extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 9.00, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 1.00@.0; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 55@58; Mackerel, 2 no. 10.00@9.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@ ; Oats 65@0.00; Rosin, no. 1, 5.75@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@0.00; Salt, alum 85@90, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 41-00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 3.75a0.00, hard 1.55a0.00; Tar 1.62a0.00; Wheat, red 1.65@0.00, white 1.75@0.00.

NORFOLK MARKET, July 27.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 14@18¾, hoground 14½@, western sides 15a00; shoulders 12½; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 23@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 90@95, mixed 95@.98 yellow 95@.98; Coffee, rio 11@12¼, laguira 12a13½; Candles, adamantine 26@28; Dried Apples, ₱ bus. 28 lb, 200@2.25, Peaches, peeled ₱ bus. 40 lb, 5.00@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 7.00@7.20, superfine 8.50@8.50, extra 9.00@9.25, family 9.50@.00; Flaxseed 1.50@1.55; Gunne, ₱ ton 75.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1&2, 15@.16; Lime 1.25@1.37; Molasses 60@70; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ₱ sack, 1.70@0.00, ground alum 1.12@0.00, blown 160@1.70; Sugar, refined 12@14½, crushed 15½@0.00, W. India 12@120; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 7.00@7.25, sap do do 4.00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 32.00@34.00, H. O. hhd. 43.00@0.00, do heading 43.00@45.00; Soap, brown 4½a6½, yellow 4½@6½; Wheat, red 1.40@1.50, white 1.70@1.80; Whisky 26a28; Fish, no 3. Mackerel, 8.00a0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00a0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50a8.00, dry Cob and Hake, 3.75a4.50.

NEW YORK, July 27.—Flour unchanged. Wheat unsettled, new red $1.80a1.81. Corn higher; mixed 90 cts. Stock firmer; Virginia sixes 91.

BALTIMORE, July 27.—Flour steady. Wheat declined an average of 5a8 cts; red $1.55a1.72; white $1.65a1.82. Corn better; white 88a90 cents; yellow 86a87 cts.

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.
ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
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(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A. PERRY SPERRY,
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BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
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No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

SODA WATER,
DRAWN FROM
A PORCELAIN LINED FOUNTAIN, can always be had at the Drug Store of
W. C. EORTER.

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CUMMING & STYRON,
Commission and Forwarding MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53ly

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.
☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING MERCHANTS.
Wilmington, N. C. 1:1y.

EDGEWORTH FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next Session of this Institution will commence on Monday, August 3d, 1857. For admission apply to
RICHARD STERLING,
Greensboro, N. C. (81:6w) *Principal.*

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.
A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anker Brand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.
R. G. LINDSAY.
April, 1857. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C

EDITORS.
E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
Rob. G. Staples, Portsmouth, Va.
William R. Hunter, South Carolina,

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A short sketch of this distinguished Englishman we think will not be unacceptable to our readers. We do not propose to give his history, but only a few facts connected with the first colonization of N. Carolina. About the year 1569, Sir Walter left the University of Oxford, to take part in the contests between the Huguenots and Catholics of France. In this way he became interested in the contests between the Huguenots and Spanish in Florida, which resulted in the most outrageous and brutal massacres ever perpetrated on American soil. By this means also his attention was directed to the attempts at colonization. He was prudent, bold, enterprising and adventurous. Moved by ambition for distinction, as also a love of his country and a desire to extend her territory and power, he at once bent the whole energies of his mind upon plans for establishing an English colony in this country. All attempts hitherto had proved abortive. Cabot and Frobisher had failed. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the step-brother of Sir Walter, had just obtained a liberal patent from the queen, and having collected a few ships put to sea in 1579. Raleigh was interested in this enterprise and was thought to have been one of the number that embarked. It proved a failure as they had not proceeded far before they were forced to return. Raleigh was not at all disheartened, but immediately, in connection with Gilbert, equipped a new squadron. This also from a variety of causes shared the same fate, only the failure was attended with greater disaster. More than a hundred of the men perished, amongst the number Gilbert himself. Still the bold spirit of Raleigh was not broken, nor disheartened. "He was determined to secure to England those delightful countries from which the Protestants of France had been expelled." Elizabeth granted him a liberal patent, and on the 27th April, 1584, two vessels, under the command of Philip Armidas and Arthur Barlow, sailed for the New World. On the 2d July they were opposite the shores of N. C. They landed on the Island of Wocoken, the southernmost of the islands, forming the Ocracock Inlet, gave thanks to God and took possession of the country formally, in the name of the queen.

"The vegetation of that Southern latitude struck the beholders with admiration; the trees had not their paragons in the world; the luxuriant vines as they clambered up the loftiest cedars, formed graceful festoons, grapes were so plenty upon every little shrub that the surge of the Ocean, as it lazily rolled in upon the shore with the quiet winds of Summer, dashed its spray upon the clusters, and natural arbors formed an impervious shade that not a ray of the sun of July could penetrate. The forests were filled with birds; and at the discharge of an arquebuse, whole flocks would arise, uttering a cry which the many echoes redoubled, till it seemed as if an army of men had shouted together."

The adventurers explored Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds and Roanoke Island, and in a short time, returned to England—Raleigh being elected member of Parliament, obtained a bill securing his patent of discovery. A new expedition was fitted out by him, the following year, consisting of seven vessels and one hundred and eight men. On the 24th of June as they neared the coast of N. C., they became greatly alarmed lest they should be wrecked on the cape, which was then on that account called the Cape of Fear. They entered through the perils of the coast, Ocracock Inlet. They were treated kindly by the natives, but did not treat them so, in return. Animosities arose between them.

The same passion for Gold which had swayed the French and Spanish, took possession of them. "A wily savage invented, respecting the River Roanoke and its banks, extravagant tales, which nothing but cupidity could have credited. The river it was said gushed forth from a rock, so near the Pacific Ocean, that the surge of the sea sometimes dashed into its fountain; its banks were inhabited by a nation skilled in the art of refining the rich ore in which the country abounded. The walls of the city were described as glittering from the abundance of pearls. Lane (who was appointed Governor of this colony by Sir Walter) was so credulous, that he attempted to ascend the rapid current of the Roanoke; and his followers, infatuated with greedy avarice, would not return until their stores of provisions were exhausted, and they had killed and eaten the very dogs which bore them company. On this attempt to explore the interior, the English hardly advanced higher up the river than some point near the present village of Williamston."

We will conclude this sketch next week.

Greene Monument Association.

The subject of erecting a monument to Gen. Greene has again been brought before the public. Alpha, in the Patriot and Flag of the 10th inst., has a noble appeal in its behalf, which should touch the heart of every descendant of Revolutionary blood. That the battle of Guilford Court House, one of the most disastrous to the enemy, fought during the Revolutionary struggle, should have no monumental pile to tell its tale of glory, is a stain upon the public spirit deeper than the blood that ran so profusely upon the gory field. But worse than this, even our Historians have passed over the event with only a single word of jeer—"A cowardly performance" is the most charitable phrase that grace the page of history.

Citizens of Guilford, descendants of the brave sires, whose glory is thus desecrated, will you longer sit in inglorious ease? Daughters of those saintly matrons who bowed in hearing of the cannon's deep roar and asked Him for help, in whose hands is all power, have you still the spirit of Patriotism and Religion burning warmly on the altar of your hearts? Then let us heed this call, let us do something to commemorate an event so conspicuous in our struggle for Freedom; something that will brush the disgraceful mould from the escutcheons of our brave sires, and hand down their names honored and revered to future generations.

We purpose speaking further on this subject; our principle object this week is merely to elict the attention of the public, that the matter may be discussed socially. Let us speak of it around our firesides, in our social conversations and social visitings.

It is proposed to hold a public meeting in the Court House on Thursday 17th September, for the purpose of organising a Greene Monument Association. We hope this meeting will be well attended both by the citizens of country and town. Let all come up prepared to take some action; to hear the patriotic addresses expected on the occasion; and to get their hearts warmed up in the good cause. We call it good, because we have in our minds more than one great blessing it will be the means of disseminating, if properly managed. Then forget not the appointed day; make your business arrangements so as not to conflict *and be present.*

The Election.—Next Thursday, the citizens of North Carolina will be called upon to cast their suffrage once more. Members of Congress are to be elected; Clerks of the Superior and County Courts; and the Free Suffage Bill is to be voted "Approved," or "Disapproved."

By reference to our list of candidates, it will be seen who are running in this County for the Clerkships. For Congress, the Democrats are running the following tickets—

1. Dis., Hon. Henry M. Shaw;
2. " Hon. Thomas Ruffin;
3. " Hon. Warren Winslow;
4. " Hon. L. O'B. Branch;
5. " Stephen E. Williams, Esq.,
6. " Alfred M. Scales, Jr., Esq.,
7. " Hon. Burton Craige;
8. " Hon. Thomas L. Clingman.

The American Party is running in first District, W. N. H. Smith, Esq., fifth District, John A. Gilmer, Esq., Sixth District, Hon. R. C. Puryear.

Expressive:—The editor of the Nasheville Christain *Advocate*, reading an article in reference to the prevalence of Snuff dipping, makes the following remark, in the conclusion of which we join most heartily.

"As to dipping—disgusting practice—we hope the doctor is mistaken in regard to its prevalence: we do not know any woman who is guilty of it—we hope never to make the acquaintance of such. Were we not what, thank God we are, in possession of a wife, we would remain single for ever rather than link our fortunes with a dipping woman."

Gen. Walker in New Orleans.—A correspondent says that a dispatch has been received at Washington stating that Gen. Walker is making preparations at New Orleans for a return to Nicaragua, and that officers have been ordered to report immediately for the recruiting service.

Editorial Correspondence.

Our Junior, with his better half, is rusticating in the Mountains. But we will let him speak for himself and tell his own tale.

Dear Times:—On leaving you, on Thursday, we were favored with pleasant weather, and made good headway to the "land of milk and honey." It was our good fortune to halt at Walkerstown—a pleasant place indeed, although the *town* is composed of but *one* dwelling. We eat dinner, however, and must say, that the proprietor, Mr. Moore, is as much entitled to customers as any man on this great western road. Corn, squashes and potatoes formed a very agreeable part of our repast.

Our horse, although he only "pulled" when *he* felt inclined, carried us safely to Mr. Pace's, opposite the Pilot Mountain. He is proprietor of the Pilot Hotel and is a *good* landland—in the fullest sense of the word. We found his house "A. No. 1" place to spend the Summer, and had not our goal been still farther, "o'er the hills and far away," we would have remained longer with him. He had us *pilotted* to the Pilot on Friday, where we enjoyed one of the richest treats afforded by nature. Whortleberries grow in abundance all along the pathway, and while resting, which was very frequent, we made our ascension a *feast* indeed. The Pilot is now a place of much celebrity and resort, and would be materially enhanced were it in the hands of others we wot of—our host, for instance. The ascent is not difficult, it is true, but very laborious, and few have a desire to repeat the *dose*, although *all* feel amply repaid. We think it is easier to climb the mountain from Mr. Pace's side, but, as Mr. Gilliam, the reputed proprietor, has the *key* to the ladders, those desiring to visit the summit, are compelled to call on him. Mr. Pace, however, has a "miniature pinnacle" on his house, and those who have strong imaginative faculties can go up, view the *real* and think how delightful it would be to sit on the highest peak. Mr. P's. house was filled with invalids and pleasure-seekers, and they seem to appreciate his efforts to please, and, in fact, none could do otherwise—his *fare* is so good and his bills so moderate.

We are now in the vicinity of Mt. Airy, where everything looks fresh and healthy.

The crops along the road have all been very fine, save a few fields of oats which were short. We never saw a better prospect for corn, and the wheat crop just harvested, was at least an average. Everything except tobacco is doing well, but the yield in that crop will be small in some sections, owing to the late frost having destroyed the plants. We have just been shown a *squash* which weighed 4¼ lbs, and which is in a fine state for cooking. It beats anything in that line we ever saw, and we were a "doubting Thomas" till we thrust our finger-nails into its tender rind. More anon.

Town Ordinances:—At the last meeting of the Board of Commissioners for the town of Greensboro, the following ordinances were passed—

1st. *Resolved*, That upon any adjudged nuisance by the Intendant or Board of Health, being found upon any private lot or in any public street or alley, if it be not removed or abated by the owner upon due notice, there shall be a fine of one dollar levied and demanded for every five hours it remains unremoved or unabated.

2nd. *Resolved*, That the Intendant shall have the power, and is hereby authorized to have any filth or item he may judge to be a nuisance, removed from any public street, alley or place at the owner's expense.

3rd. *Resolved*, That we do not consider the putting of swine into Barn, Stable or other lots secure and close penning; and that hogs getting into the streets from other than a close pen, are ameniable to the law, and will be dealt with as hogs running at large.

Editorial Change:—E. H. Britton, Esq., has desposed of the *Carolina Times*, Columbia S. C., to L. S. Piggot Esqr. On his retiring form the proprietorship of the *Times*, the workmen in the Office manifested their esteem for Mr Britton, their former fellow-craftsman, and their enployer, by presenting him with a Silver cup with a suitable inscription.

Lying in Bed with the Head High. It is often a question amongst persons who are unacquainted with anatomy and physiology of a man, whether lying with the head exalted or even with the body was the most wholesome. Most consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer.—Now, though many delight in bolstering up their head at night, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the head to the heart, are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; then, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body, and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger.—*Medical Journal.*

Showers are abundant and refreshing.

Chief Justice Taney not a Slaveholder.—It is but justice to the venerable Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, after the assaults that have been made upon his motives in the Dred Scott decision, that the facts stated in the following paragraph from the Washington Union should be made public. They are highly creditable to the character of the Chief Justice.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said in Republican papers and by orators of that party, the majority of the Supreme Court are not slaveholders. Four of the Justices reside in free States, where no one owns slaves. The Chief Justice si not a slaveholder, nor has he been for upwards of 30 years. He never bought or sold a slave. Of those that the British spared his father when they polluted the soil of Maryland, some came to him by inheritance. After educating those who were young enough to be taught, and qualifying them to take care of themselves, he voluntarily gave them all their freedom. Two who were so old as to be unable to earn their living, he cherfully supported during their lives. He has not since owned a slave. This is a full and complete answer to the statements often reiterated in the Republican papers, that a majority of the Court were slaveholders, and as such had been influenced in making their decision in the Dred Scott case."

A Rich Beggar.—In Montgomery Ala., on the 10th inst., a man named Bunn was arrested while engaged in begging for funds to remove his family (as he stated) from Maryland to Missouri. On his person were found certificates of deposite and drafts to the amount, $5,500. Among them was a certificate of deposite in the Branch Bank at Morganton, N. C.

We have reason to believe that great imposition is practised on people through the country by traveling beggars, foreigners mostly. It would be well for our people to bestow their alms upon those that they are certain need and deserve it. In fact, we can hardly imagine a "proper" case of charity, as every county is provided with a poor House, for such as can not make an honest living. Then beware of *all* beggars.

Methodist Grave yard:—We are requested to state that the Quarterly Conference for this station, has appointed Joseph Sears Superintendent of the Graveyard. All persons, therefore, who wish to bury their dead in this Graveyard will be expected to first speak to the Superintendent.

The Poisoning of Children at Cincinnati.—The Cincinnati Commercial of Wednesday has the following particulars of the poisoning of a number of children, briefly mentioned yesterday by telegraph:

Yesterday afternoon, between the hours of two and four, a couple of boys, apparently from 14 to 16 years of age, were observed sauntering up Buckeye street, a densely populated German neighborhood, scattering small lozenges upon the sidewalk about the size of peppermint drops. In another part of the street a rather robust looking man, dressed in a black coat, white pants hat, with a box under his arm, was also observed occasionally distributing a similar description of lozenges only in larger quantities. As is usual in German localities, quite a number of children were playing upon the street, and they greedily seized the tempting candies thus gratuitously thrown in their way. Occasionally the man would give a package to persons he met, but in these instances, the parties declined tasting, suspecting something wrong. Not so, however, with the unsuspecting children, who greedily devoured the (to them) dainty waifs, and in a short time afterwards they were taken with violent vomiting. The neighborhood became speedily alarmed, and Drs. Smith, Davis and Fries were summoned, who speedly detected the action of poison, and upon a chemist in the neighborhood, Mr. Eckel, analyzing a lozenge, it was found to be composed of equal parts of arsenic sugar and flour. In the track which the man, or rather monster, had taken, as many as 1,500 of these deathdealing drops were found in one pile, and in another spot one fourth pound of arsenic was found tied in a couple of parcels.

The neighborhood became fearfully excited, for at least twenty children had more or less partaken of the insidious poison. The first victim was a fine little boy named John Shultz, aged nine years. He expired at about 6 o,clock in the evening. We were present when the coroner held his inquest, and a more melancholy sight it has hardly been our lot to witness. The mother of the dead child had a few days previous been confined, and in the same room her eldest born lay a stiff and rigid corpse, while the new-born infant sought in vain for nourishment from the maternal breast, the fount of which sudden grief and agony had dried. Her two other children had also partaken of the poisonous drops, and lay sick in the same room, but they were pronounced out of danger.

Immediately upon the other side of the street, another promising child, named Henry Schwarts, about 11 o'clock last night is said to have breathed its last; and at the time we visited the poisoned district some four or five other children, male and female, were supposed to be in a very critical condition. We heard also that several similar cases has occurred on Fifteenth, batween Race and Elm streets.

It is with heartfelt pain that we are compelled to record a crime which makes us blush for our common nature. Such a fiend as the perpetrator of the above atrocities might well cause us to rather claim kindred with the brute and forswear our relationship with the human species. It is to be hoped that no pains will be spared in hunting the vampire to his lair.

From the Semi-Weekly News.

EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The following is the action of the Association in reference to the "North Carolina Journal of Education."

Resolved 1st. That the President of this Association appoint a committee of five, whose duty it shall be to take all necessary steps for the permanent establishment of a monthly journal for the promotion of the general Educational interests of North Carolina.

Resolved 2nd. That as members of this Association, we will use every effort to secure the success of the enterprise, and recommend it to the favorable consideration of the friends of education throughout the State.

The following gentlemen compose the committee authorized by 1st Resolution, viz; Rev. C. H. Wiley, Greensboro
Mr. C. C. Cole, "
" Geo. W. Brooks, Raleigh.
" W. W. Holden, "
" Wm. Robinson, Goldsboro.

Rev. C. H. Wiley, Rev. Micl. McRay, of Harnett, and Mr. W. K. Blake, of Fayetteville, were appointed a committee, to procure four persons to prepare essays upon different branches of Education, and two persons to deliver public addresses for promoting the general objects of this Associaton, at its next meeting.

The Association resolved, That the Recording Secretary be instructed to have certificates of membership printed on cards, and send them to the address of each member of the Association before our next meeting. The object of this is to secure to members certain facilities for travelling on the Railroads of the State, in attending the meetings of the Association. All the members will therefore please notify the Secretary of their names and address, that they may be accommodated. Those who participated in the meetings at Salisbury and Warrenton, and have signed or will sign the Constitution, will be considered as members.

The following was adopted, "Resolved, that we deeply sympathize with the Rev. C. H. Wiley, Super. of Common Schools in North Carolina, in his present indisposition, and sincerely regret the loss of his valuable labors and counsels on this occasion, and that we congratulate him on the consummation of his long-cherished scheme, in the establishment and complete organization of a State Educational Association."

The Association adopted the following resolution, viz: "That a committee of four, the Superintendent of Common Schools being chairman, be appinted by the President and requested to meet at least one day before the period designated for the next meeting of this body, at the place named for said meeting, and take into consideration the propriety of memorializing the Legislature of North Carolina, in reference to such amendments and improvements of our Common School system, as they may deem best calculated to promote the cause of popular Education." The committee are, Rev. C. H. Wiley, chairman, Mr. George W. Whitfield, of Edgecombe, Rev. N. Z. Graves and Wm. Eaton, Jr., Esq, of Warrenton, and J. A. Waddell, M. D., of Raleigh.

On motion of Jos. B. Batchelor, Esq., the thanks of the Association were unanimously tendered to Mr. E. W. Ogburn, for the satisfactory manner in which he had presided over the deliberations of the Convention; in response to which Mr. Ogburn made a short and handsome address.

Mr. Holden then offered the following resolution, which was passed unanimously by a rising vote: "Resolved, That this Association has observed with pleasure the exertions in behalf of public instruction by Mr. J. G. Elliott, of Wayne, manifested by his prompt attendance with a number of young men, who are struggling for an education, for Common School Teachers; and that we commend his example in this respect, to the imitation of other educators in all portions of the State." Mr. Elliott was nearly overpowered by his emotions, nevertheless addressed the Association at some length, interspersing some amusing incidents occurring in his experience as a teacher, and gave a detailed account of the advantages of mental exercises in the calculations of Arithmetic.

Rev. Mr. Frost, of Goldsboro, offered the following, which was also adapted unanimously by a rising vote: "Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be tendered to the citizens of this community, and to the committee of arrangements, for their kind and bountiful hospitality."

Mr. Robinson offered the following, which passed without a dissenting voice: "Resolved, That we return our most sincere thanks to the Presidents of the Wilmington and Weldon, Raleigh and Gaston, and North Carolina Railroads, for their courtesy in allowing return tickets for one fare, to the delegates to this meeting."

Thanks were also returned to the President and Secretaries, for the faithful discharge of their laborious duties.

This, with what has already been published, embraces the substance of what was done by the Association. Many other matters of great importance were necessarily deferred to the next meeting, for the want of time. The fact that an organization was effected, a constitution adopted, and the initiatory steps for other business taken, furnishes abundant proof that, as much was done as could reasonably be expected in a session of only two days. The next meeting of the Association cannot fail to be one of grat interest and importance. The minutes of the Salisbury Convention, (which unfortunately were not brought before this meeting); the address of Mr. Holden, together with the remarks of other eminent gentlemen, who so well entertained us for two successive evenings, will open a wide field for discussion and action when next we convene.

The Association adjourned on Thursday night, July 2nd, to meet on the 1st Wednesday in July next, at such place as may hereafter be made known through the committee having charge of that subject.

A. WILSON, D. D., President.
WM. H. BASS, Secretary.

EDUCATIONAL MEETING.

A meeting of the citizens of Charlotte was held in the Court House on Saturday evening last for the purpose of considering the educational interests of the Town. W. R. Myers, Esq., was called to preside. After an explanation of the object of the meeting by the Chairman, Col. W. A. Williams made a statement in regard to the Female College building now in course of construction. It is expected that in about a month the building will be finished. Its cost has been, thus far, $11,500, which has been paid, leaving about $1,000 still in the Treasury. About $2,500 more must be raised to complete the edifice and enclose it.

After some appropriate remarks from Messrs. Johnston, Young, Hutchison, Wilson and P. J. Lowrie, as to the importance of getting the Institution in successful operation, Gen. Young offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Whereas we have heard with much gratification the report of Col. Williams in regard to the near completion of the Female College building, and as the sum of $2,500 is still necessary to complete the same ready for use.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to take subscriptions to raise the sum necessary for that purpose.

Resolved, That we do hereby tender assurances of our gratitude to Col. Williams for the elegant College edifice which he has reared with so much energy and architectural taste.

Wm. Johnston and Gen. Young were appointed in accordance with the first resolution. On motion, the chairman was added to the committee.

Dr. C. J. Fox offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That the interests of education and of our community require the opening of a first class Male School in the Town of Charlotte.

Resolved, That we approve of the Military feature which has been so successfully introduced into modern Academies, and that our Trustees, in conjunction with a committee of three, be requested to advertise at once and make all the efforts necessary for opening a School of that character by the 1st of October next; and that we pledge ourselves to co-operate with them and whoever they may secure as a Principal, in sustaining the same.

Dr. Fox, T. H. Brem and P. J. Lowrie were appointed a committee in accordance with the above.

The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the male school committee.

We were gratified to see so much interest manifested on the subject by those present at the meeting. Several gentlemen made remarks, urging the importance of establishing first class male and female schools here at home, where our youth could be educated without sending them abroad. Indeed, it is a matter in which every individual member of the community ought to feel a lively interest. By affording educational facilities of the grade contamplated, thousands of dollars that are now annually expended abroad will be disbursed at home, and thus benefit all interests and classes in the community. *Charlotte, Dem.*

The Military Revolt in India.—The last advices from India represent the revolt among the native troops as assuming a formidable aspect. The mutineers have committed great atrocities, murdering and brutally mutilating the Europeans who fell into their hands in Meerut, of which the mutineers took possesion, the inhabitants committed far greater atrocities than the sepoys. Mrs. Chambers, wife of the adjutant of the 11th Native Infantry, murdered in her garden. Her clothes were first set on fire. She was then shot and cut in pieces. Capt. McDonald's wife was persued, seized and frightfully mutilated; but her children were all fortunately saved.

Other women and military officers and civil residents were murdered. The loss of property and of life is described as dreadful. The part of Meerut in which the insurrection raged is a wilderness of ruined houses.

The jail in Delhi was burned, and 1,400 prisoners liberated. Not a single European or native Christian found in the city was left. The rebels attacked the magazine, which was defended for a while by a few Europeans. As the rebels effected an entrance, the magazine was blown up by Lieut. Willoughby, Commisary of Ordnance, and 1,000 rebels are said to have perished by the explosion.—The fate of Lieut. W. is unknown. At Lahore, all the native troops are reported in a state of mutiny. European regiments were being hurried to the scene of the revolt, and as soon as a sufficient force was collected, Delhi would be attacked and no mercy shown to the insurgents. This is a most serious revolt against British rule, and its suppression will cost a fearful sacrifice of human life.

The woman deserves not a husband's generous love, who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day—who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand, so unfeeling, so lost to loving kindness as to withstand such influence, and break away from such a home.

PRIVATE CORNER.

T. W. U.:- Your letter was re-mailed to us from Goldsboro. We are very much obliged and would take pleasure in publishing, but the Printer can't read the defaced pencil marks, and the Editor has not time to decipher and copy. We like familiar letters and hope you will write again, but do use "pen and ink" next time.

.....

J. W. L.:—Much obliged for your "story" and "verses." There is something in the latter we call *Poetry*, not newspaper rhymes.

.....

Alfred, Anonymous, St. Clare Vesper, &c., can speak for themselves. Other correspondents not noticed under this head, we will address privately.

.....

J. F. S.:—Your lines to 'An Absent Wife' came just as the paper was going to press, and we cannot, therefore, get them in this week.

DIED,

In Guilford co., N. C. on the 13th July 1857, MARY W. DURHAM, daughter of Micajah Durham, in the 45th year of her age. She was afflicted with the consumption for about 3 years before her death; and by a gradual deterioration with this wasting disease, she finally passed away from her present sufferings to that rest which God has prepared for them that love Him. Although she was not a member of the church, yet she expressed herself as ready and willing to submit to the great mandate of heaven, while intrusting her soul into the hands of a kind and faithful Creator.

As a tender sister thy loss we mourn;
United affections cause us to weep;
But we know to realms of bliss thou hast flown,
And now in the bosom of Christ doth sleep.

Though long thou on life's rude ocean wast tossed
Where gathering storms the pilgrim molest—
Thou hast weather'd the storms, and the ocean crossed—
Hast safely arrived in the haven of rest.

We know the body as silent it lies
No tear of affection from the dust can save;
But the soul ere long united shall rise
And triumph for e'er o'er death and the grave.

How happy we are to know thou art gone
To heaven, where angels and archangels dwell,
To join the Redeemed, a cherubic throng,
Where death is unknown; where none say farewell.

A BROTHER.

CANDIDATES.

☞ We are authorized to announce Lyndon Swaim, as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Court Clerk of Guilford.

☞ We are authorized to announce B. G. Graham as a candidate for the Office of County Court Clerk, for Guilford County.

☞ We are authorized to announce W. D. Trotter as a candidate for the Office of Clerk of the Superior Court for the County of Guilford.

☞ We are authorized to announce J. W. Payne as a candidate for the office of Superior Court Clerk of Guilford.

☞ We are authorized to announce J. W. C. Woollen as a candidate for the Office of Superior Court Clerk for the County of Guilford.

Dyspepsia Cured. Boston, December 6. Dr Geo. B. Green.—*Dear sir*: In reply to your question in regard to the action of the *Oxygenated Bitters*. I feel much pleasure in stating that from its prompt and decisive effect in alleviating and overcoming a severe and chronic case of Indigestion and Dyspepsia in my own family, and from a knowledge of its wonderful results in curing several attacks quite as severe in other families of my acquaintance. I consider it a sovereign and infallible remedy in that distressing complaint, and would cordially and earnestly recommend it to all who may be thus afflicted. Respectfully yours, ISAAC DANFORTH, 17 South Market Street. *The above Certificate is from a well known and highly respectable Merchant of Boston, and is entitled to the fullest confidence.* Seth W. Fowle & Co., 138 Washington Street, Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

NOTICE:—All the members of Greensboro Division, No., 6, sons of Temperance, are most respectfully requested to be present on next Monday night as business of much importance will be brought before the Division at that time.

J. W. DOAK, W. P.

July 27.

OAK RIDGE MALE INSTITUTE.—THE Fall Session of Oak Ridge, will open on the 27th of August next under the care and instruction of Rev. T. S. WHITTINGTON A. M., as Principal, with competent assistants.

Price of Tuition and Board as follows:—Tuition from $8 to $15 per session; Board $6 per month.

For further particulars, address the Principal, at Oak Ridge, Guilford county. N. C.

July 20th, 1857. 82:3m.

MASONIC INSTITUTE,
GERMANTON, N. C.

The Fall Session of this Institution will commence July 23rd, 1857. It is very desirable that the students be present, if possible, at the Commencement of the Session.

TERMS FOR FIVE MONTHS.

Tuition varies from.....$10.00 to 15.00
Board, everything furnished except candles, from $35.00 to 40.00
Incidentals..... 1.00

The Masonic Institute is located in a *private* and handsome village 14 miles north of Salem, and of easy access from all points by regular stages. It is in the vicinity of the Pilot and Blue Ridge Mountains and Piedmont Springs—a region of country remarkable for the healthfulness of its climate, and the beauty of its scenery.

The large and well selected Libraries, Laboratory and Museum belonging to the Institute, afford collegiate facilities for thorough and practical instruction in almost all the departments of Science and Literature.

Letters addressed to Wm T. Gannaway, or J. E. Shumate, will receive prompt attention. (77:6w.)

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The 7th Session of this school will commence on the 4th Monday of July and continue for 5 months.

The location of this school is exceeded by none for health and the course of instruction, extensive and thorough, embracing all the branches both useful and ornamental, which are taught in the best Female schools.

The Proprietor is prepared to accommodate a large number of young ladies with BOARD at $6 per month. Medical advice and services to pupils given gratuitous.

TERMS:

Lower English Branches,..... $6
Higher do. do 10
French and Latin each, ... 5
Music on Piano and Melodeon each, ... 15
Drawing Painting, and Water Colors, each, ... 5
Painting Oil Colors, ... 10
Wax Work and Embroidery each, ... 5

E. T. WATSON.

Alamance county, June 20, 1857.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

CONSCIOUS WORTH.

BY L. B. S., OF N. C.

There is a joy in worth,
A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm
Which never daunted, ever bright and warm,
Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth,
Amid the gloom is bright and placid in the storm.

It asks, it needs no aid;
It makes the strong and lofty soul its throne;
There in its self-created Heaven, alone,
No fear to shake, no mem'ry to upbraid,
It sits a lesser God; life, life is all its own.

The Stoic was not wrong:
There is no evil to the virtuous brave;
Or in the battle strife, or on the wave
Worshipped or scorned, alone or in the throng
He is Himself alone, not earth's or fortune's slave.

Power and wealth and fame
Are but as reeds upon life's troubled tide;
Give me but these:—a spirit tempest tried,
A brow unshrinking and a soul of flame,
The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride!

AN ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT WRIGHTSVILLE, PA., BEFORE THE CONTRIBUTORS OF THE YORK COUNTY STAR, JULY 4TH, 1857. *By A. Perry Sperry, of Greensboro, N. C.*

(We have received a copy of the above beautiful address, but can make room for only the concluding remarks.)

It is now my intention to offer for your consideration, a few thoughts on the present and future of American Literature. It has only been a few years since a European paper sneeringly asked "Who reads an American book?" but the question that should be asked now is, *who does not read* an American book? for scarcely are our publications dry from the press, before we hear of a reprint of them in England. They are translated into nearly every language, and there is hardly a bookseller in the world who does not offer American works for sale, and still this is but the boyhood of our literature—the dawning of the brighter day which is yet to come. We must look back and judge the future by the past, and draw our conclusions as to what will be, from what has already been and deducing our reasons thus, who can doubt that there is yet to come, that epoch when American literature shall stand forth like a mountain of stars, the wonder and admiration of the world, the base of this fabric is already laid, and each layer of bright names that are added shall cast their light farther and still farther in the dim distance.

It may not be inappropriate here to call attention to a few of those, whose names lie like fallen stars on the page of our country's literature—those who are not unknown to fame, but who stand like way-side altars, where votaries may stop to breathe a prayer, and pass on life's journey, happily; but before proceeding, I must remark that time will forbid my calling attention to but few of the many great minds of our country. First, then, let us notice our historians, and speaking of historians the name of Cooper naturally presents itself for consideration. Where can you find the man who can take dull facts and breathe through them a more roseate air of romance, than has Cooper in his naval history of America. Who does not recollect with what pleasure he persued them, and catching the enthusiasm of the author, heard the roar of cannon, the shouts of victory and the groan of despair, echo down the dim corriders of time, and dwell as vividly on the mind as if the battle was in progress before him. And the same may be said of Washington Irving, whose delicate touches awaken scenes past, and color them with so bright a hue that the dimness of age is lost, and the reader lives in the days of his forefathers. But aside from history, Irving is a beautiful writer. Who does not remember with a thrill of sadness his beautiful story of "The Broken Heart," or feel a smile spring to the lip as he remembers the legend of "Sleepy Hollow;" and there are many more of his works I might mention, but my space will not allow it, nor do I feel competent to add any fresh laurels to his already full wreath. Then we have Bancroft and Prescott, names which are as familiar as household words, and whose fame is immortal in Europe as well as America.

I shall next call your attention to a small number of our many prose writers, among whom the name of N. Parker Willis presents itself first, because of his world-wide reputation, and first because your peaker believes there is no one of our prose-writers who has done more for American literature, or has the power of throwing that charm in his writings, which makes us think while we read, and read while we think, and I am free to say that as a letter writer Mr. Willis has no superior in the world of letters, and no equal in our own country. He so weaves the real with the ideal, that his dullest efforts wear the hue of romance, and his delicate touches of wit are seen through all his works, like laughing streams through a garden of flowers, beautifying earth, and making sweet music in the heart. But while speaking of Mr. Willis as a prose writer, we must also acknowledge him as one of our sweetest poets.

Next I shall mention the name of Wm. Gilmore Simms, whose name is doubtless familiar to all present, and the purity of whose style is justly celebrated, and of whom Edgar A. Poe, in his criticisms, says, "It may be said upon the whole, that while there are several of our native writers who excel the author of 'Martin Faber' at particular points, there is nevertheless not one who surpasses him in the aggregate of the higher excellencies of fiction." The truthfulness of Mr. Poe's remarks cannot be doubted by any one, and I can say that Mr. Simms is also a poet and an orator of marked ability.

I shall next mention and only mention the names of Edgar A. Poe, Caroline Lee Hentz, Ann S. Stephens, Rufus W. Griswold, and Mrs. E. Ellett, all writers of much ability and well known reputation, and there are hundreds of others whom it is not my purpose now to mention.

I shall conclude my remarks with the names of a few of our many poetical writers, whose songs are as sweet as those of the bards of the olden time, and among the most beautiful of our writers, Geo. P. Morris may be mentioned as "the song writer of America," and who gives a soul to his songs, so that they must needs be immortal. Who that has read them can forget their forcible beauty, and sweet undercurrent of pathos. He scatters his thoughts like flowers, and their aroma makes the heart glad—he beautifies the beautiful, and makes us dream of heaven while he only immortalizes earth—his songs spring from the heart, and as water will seek its own level, so do his songs flow to the heart again. Who does not remember his "Long time ago?"

"By the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago,
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow,
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherished,
By high and low,
But with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago."

There is no heart that throbs before me but has its "Long time ago," and this little wavelet of melody which Morris has cast upon the sea of poesy, cannot fail to awaken thoughts and dreams *of the years that now sleep in the shadows of eternity.* Next we come to the name of Wm. Cullen Bryant, the master singer who lays before us bright dreams, and leads us to great deeds and noble action—who lures the soul away from earth, and causes it to wing its flight high toward immortality. And then we have Longfellow, teaching us to "look not mournfully into the past," bidding us to "suffer and be strong," singing the sweet "Psalm of life," and who, as he ascended toward the temple of fame,

"His voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!"

And then we have Geo. D. Prentice, another heart poet, who sings to himself while the world listens, whose songs are like the gushings of a bright fountain, and seem to flow outward from the heart because they cannot help it. And there is Mrs. E. F. Ellett, Sarah J. Clark, (Grace Greenwood) Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Amelia Welby, the Misses Carey, Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Lydia H. Sigourney and Mrs. Hale, all writers of much merit, and there are a host of others, male and female, who I would fain notice did time permit. But among our younger poets who are fast rising to popularity, I cannot suffer myself to conclude without calling attention to the name of T. B. Aldrich, who I believe is destined to rank with the first poets of our time. He has already given evidence of that higher order of genius (which is the gift of God) to make the heart feel and enjoy the feelings of the author. Who could read his "Baby Bell," and not be moved by its delicate sweetness? It is one of those poems which we have to pause as we read, because the eye grows dim, and the hand has to be lifted to brush away the mist that gathers there. And his "Madge" is another of those excellent prose poems which every reader feels as if it was a passage from their own heart's history. To use an old adage "Though I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet," I predict for Mr. Aldrich a high position among *Poets of America*, and one who will add fresh lustre to the many bright lights of our literary firmament, and although I am not personally acquainted with the author of "Baby Bell," I should like to take him by the hand and look in his eyes, and read the soul that lived beneath them.

Looking at the array of literary talent before us, who can doubt that we shall one day be looked up to as the first in literature and art, as we are now looked up to as the first in liberty and freedom.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A DREAM.

BY E. M. BEMENT.

I sat within my chamber—sat alone,
And musingly bethought me of the days,
Which like unto the years were passed and gone,
Nor left not that which might in pity raise
The drooping spirits of a heart—sad one,
Whom death had robbed e'en of his earthly praise,
And made not smallest but the worst of pain,
His lonely lot till they should meet again.

And then I wondered—would they ever meet;
My heart grew sick—I fainted and I felt,
For mem'ry wrought a picture so complete
Within my mind of gentle Isabel,
Sweet girl, whom I had hoped ere this to greet,
Still fondly wishing all might yet be well,
That I had ta'en some pity on the boy
Who wept to see her of his early joy.

And while I lie outstretched upon the floor,
My hand discovered lying there a book,
I seized as I ne'er seized book before,
And opened hastily my eyes to look
Fondly on that I might behold no more,
For life seemed nearly gone, or death's hand shook,
Or seemed to shake this weak and weary clay,
As if t' a ouse and hurry it away.

I opened—read and wept—and read again,
Read from that book—the first of Histories,
And drank, and deeply of its words, till pain
Was gone and vanished were all miseries
Of heart, which I had labored, but in vain—
Long labored to subdue the lengthened cries,
Which superseded earthly happiness,
And made cold death an object to caress.

A light celestial broke the ether blue—
The Heavens o,ened—and from thence there came
Such strains of music as the angelic few,
Grand and glorious fan the living flame,
Which wafts on air to friends the last adieu
Of those who see that holy light this same,
And journey onward to that land sublime,
Live lone to God unto the end of time.

I stood upon the highest hill of earth,
Looking afar into this new-born light,
And won'ring on the giver of its birth,
When there appeared to my enraptured sight,
That which I deemed always of heav'nly worth—
Sweet Isabel—in robes of spotless white,
E'en stepping from the Throne where she was host,
To welcome me to quietude and rest.

I saw no more—it was enough for me,
To fix my eyes on what I early sought,
And leave the rest for those that wish to see
What I have seen—and more—what they have not,
And dwell wherein the end of all must be,
Who live in love to God and pious thought;
But things of earth now o'er my vision gleam,
And I awake—and here doth end my dream.

Farm, House and Fyn.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—There is no wine equal to the blackberry wine when properly made, either in flavor or for medicinal purposes, and every person who can conveniently do so should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic and nothing is a better remedy for bowel disease. We therefore give the receipt for meking it, and having tried it ourselves we speak advisedly on the subject.

Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight and let it stand till following October and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked under similar influence before.

The following which is said to be recorded in an Irish graveyard, is excellent in its kind:

"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found."

The following is better in its kind, however, as a specimen of sharp shooting between a coquette and her lover:

You men are angels when you woo the maid
But devils when the marriage vow is said.

The lover, not outdone, replies as follows:

The change dear girl, is easily forgiven—
We find ourselves in hell instead of heaven.

LET THE LADIES BEWARE.—It is stated that lately some workmen fell sick in Paris on an apple-green silk dress. A piece of the silk was examined by a chemist, and it was found to have been colored with copper and arsenic. These substances adhered but slight to the silk, were detected in handling, in the shape of powder, and were thus inhaled by the lungs. An order was issued prohibiting the future use of this kind of coloring matter.—Many of these silks are supposed to have gone to the United States.

SICK HEADACHE.—We know of many in this city who suffer much with headache an ailment to which all mankind are more or less subject. The Ohio Cultivator offers the following as a remedy:

I have known the severest headaches to be helped, and the nervous headache cured by some sympathizing persons rubbing with the hands from the top of the head down, and off the shoulders, after the mesmeric manner. The most intense pain can be soothed in a few minutes by this simple, remembering to carry the hands farther away from the head when the downward pass is made. This will also help the toothache in nine cases out of ten

FLIES.—Housekeepers, grocers, butchers and all are crying out against the plague of flies. The following method of preventing their ingress into shops, may be of value:

A traveller remarks that the butcher shops of Geneva are all open, and although immense numbers of flies may be seen on the outside walls, not one comes in. This is caused by the inner walls being rubbed over with laurel oil, which is an effective preventive against the intrusion of these troublesome insects. The *Courier de Havre* in alluding to this fact, states that no fly will enter a room in which a wreath of walnut leaves has been hung up. The experiment is worth trying.

A lady said to a gentleman who had accompanied her and her sister to church: "If it rains send for an umbrella." "Why," said the beau, "you are neither shugar nor salt, rain wont hurt you." "True but we are—lasses," said the lady. Umbrella sent for.

UNDENIABLE.—He who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same man in nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

Why is a lover eloping with his lady-love, like a vessel sailing to a certain port in France? Because he is bound to have her (Havre.)

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your old, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull dog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Ma, is the portrait of father torn," asked a little cherub of three summers—"No child, why do you ask?" "Why, this morning I heard him say, 'darn my picture?"

SINGING.—An exchange says:—"A few Sundays ago, at one of the Brooklyn churches, the choir sang a hymn to a tune which comes in as follows:—'My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart.' Another line received the following rendering—'And in the pi—and in the pi and in the pious he delights.' And still another was sung—'And take thy pil—and take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home."

An artist in New Orleans is about getting up a panorama of a lawsuit. The first scene opens with the year one, and the last closes with doomsday.

The Oxygenated Bitters have no equal as a tonic medicine, and as it contains no alcohol, is especially adapted to the delicate constitution of females suffering from any derangement of the natural functions, weakness or irregularity nervous debility, &c.

MELANOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES!—The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Greensborough and vicinity to his Melanotype Pictures which are taken on sheet iron manufactured expressly for the purpose. In richness of tone, warmth of expression, completeness of detail, and boldness of feature, good Melanotypes are not surpassed for durability. There is no question of their superiority. They will receive a fall without a fracture, a bend without injury; may be washed off when soiled, be handled without the face being marred, unless abused by rough scratching which would deface the best oil painting; they are susceptible of high and very beautiful coloring; they are suitable for Lockets, Breast-pins, Rings, &c. The above pictures are taken and put up in a style not surpassed in the State

Prices varying from **$1.00** to **$10.00**, according to size and quality. Transparent pictures put up by the New Siliciated process.

Room No. 4 on 2nd story of Garrett's New Brick Building.

May 6. A. STARRETT.

NOTICE—THE SUBSCRIBER is now prepared to furnish a superior quality of fancy Dress, Opery and Waterproof Boots, footing, &c. And must be sold low for CASH. Call and see at his old stand, nothing is charged for showing.

H. H. BRADY.

Greensboro, July 15. (80::3m)

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdelanne Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

Jan. 1857.

Hesperian Harp, Note Book by Rev. Wm. Hauser, for sale by

June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Fall Session of 1857, will commence on Thursday the 31st day of July. It is very desirable that all pupils be present at the opening of the Session.

For full particulars, apply to the subscriber.

T. M. JONES.

June 23, 1857. (77::6t)

*** Patriot & Message, Greensboro.

Herald & Banner, Salisbury, please insert five weeks.

BOOK MUSLINS, JACONETT, Swiss & Cambric, both figured and plain, Diaper and Linen table covers, Whalebone and figured skirting, grass corded, and Hooped Skirts for sale at cash prices by

June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!! JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by

W. C. PORTER

New Books just received at the Book Store.

Lena Rivers, Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Heiress of Greenhurst, Mrs. Stephenson.
Adam Graeme of Mossgray, by the Author of Zaidee.
Indigenous Races of the Earth.
Inquire Within, or 3700 facts for the people.

For sale by E. W. OGBURN & Co.

June 24.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,

N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

April, 1856.

J. BEVERLY HUNTER,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
SUNSBURY GATES Co., N. C.

WILL GIVE prompt attention to the collection of all Bounty Land Claims, Revolutionary Pensions etc., that may be placed in his hands.

He will also attend to buying and selling located Lands in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas.

☞ Terms moderate. No charge made in any case unless Successful.

REFERS TO—

Thos. Bragg,	Governor N. C.
Hon. H. W Miller,	Raleigh N. C.
" Keneth Rayner,	Raleigh N. C.
Col. R. T. Paine,	M. C. N. C.
Joseph Segar	Hampton, Va.

(57—6m.)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G & H. Williams, Person. 6:1y

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by

E. W. OGBURN.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOOD COFFEE, just received and for sale by

June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.—THE undersigned are still engaged in the manufacture of their premium fans at M. D. Landreth's ¾ of a mile east of the Court House in Greensboro N. C. Orders promptly attended to and thankfully received.

H. B. DOWLER & CO.

Those that are indebted to us in the counties adjoining Guilford will find their notes with W. C. Porter in Greensboro.

(71—3mo.) H. B. DOWLER & CO.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

WALDRON'S GRASS & CRADLING Scythes, Hay & Manure Forks of the best quality for sale at cash prices by

June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES,

March 12, 1857.

MARBLE YARD.
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. HEINRICH.

Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

HAND VICES, BEEF MALLS, German, Blister & Cast Steel, Wheat, Meal, & Sand Sieves, received and for sale by

June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Deems' for sale by

June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—The subscriber being desirous of selling out, offers to the public his very valuable Plantation on which he now lives, situated on the Danville Road 10 miles from Greensboro. The tract is well timbered, well watered, has good bottom land, and has a good Dwelling House and all the necessary out buildings to render a farm residence pleasant, with a very good well in the yard. The Tract contains between 250 and 300 acres of Land.

It will be sold at private sale on reasonable terms and payments arranged to suit the purchaser.

WM. D. SMITH.

July 13, 1857. 80-tf.

☞ Patriot & Flag, copy.

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.

Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor,

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.

Oct., 1856. 40::tf

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

COACH & COPEL VARNISH.—White Lead, dry and in oil; Putty in cans, and Glass assorted sizes, just received and for sale at the cash store of

June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,

Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.

Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,

(65::1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

COLLINS & Co. GENUINE Hartford Axes, for sale at cash prices by

June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

LAST NOTICE.

All persons indebted to Rankin & McLean by book account are earnestly requested to call and settle the same with Cash or Note.

Longer indulgence cannot be expected by those who disregard this call.

JED. H. LINDSAY.
Trustee.

May 26 1857. 73::tf.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving a superior stock of ready made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.

S. ARCHER.

East Market st., Greensboro, April 1, 1857.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! The public are informed that the subscriber is at work at his old stand on West Market Street and ready to receive orders, for anything in his line of business which will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. The character of his work is too well known in this and surrounding counties to make it necessary to say more than, he will do his best on all work he engages to make.

A Full Supply of Metalic Coffins from 2 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 4 inches in lenght. Coffins made to order on short notice.

"You will take due notice thereof and govern yourself accordingly."

P. THURSTON, *Agent.*

July 1, 1857.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Triming and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

FRESH ARRIVALS.—Per Schr. A J. DeRosset, from New York:

50 Boxes Colgates No. 1, Pale Soap,
5 Bbls Leaf Lard,
2 Chests Imperial Green Tea,
1 " Black do.
25 Reams wrapping paper. Low for cash at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

W. GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southward, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by

April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Horne, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Habersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Eliza Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopædia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c.

At the Book Store by

April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.
July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Corn & Cob
Leavelt's improved Young Crushers.
America.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*

MR. STERLIN LAMER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.—The Subscribers continue to manufacture Agricultural Machines and Implments, of the most approved patterns and superior workmanship. They ask attention to "Cardwell's Horse Power and Thresher," single and double geared, with Separator if required, which have taken a premium at every Fair at which they have been exhibited.

ALSO,

Croskill's Clod Crusher;
Many,s Improved Reaper and Mower, the best in use;
Rich's Iron Beam Plow, highly approved;
Seymour & Sages Broad Cast Grain Sowers
Magic Corn and Cob Mill, an excellent machine;
Reynold's Wheat Fans, and several other patterns;
Corn Shellers, Hand and Horse Power, from $10 to $35;
Hay Presses; Wheat Drills; Corn Planters
Cider Mills; Grain Cradles; Hay Rakes;
Harrows;
Grain Gleaners; Tobacco Mills, &c., &c.

BALDWIN, CARDWELL & Co.,

(72—3m) No. 148 Main street, Richmond.

MONEY WANTED AND NO MISTAKE.—All those indebted to S. Archer by open account to January 1, 1857, are hereby notified that unless they settle by the 4th July next, their accounts will be placed into the hands of an officer.

June 16. S. ARCHER.

THE REVISED CODE.
50 COPIES received and for sale.

E. W. OGBURN.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers. Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c. *References.*—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigg; J. &. F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::1y.

A New Book.
The Old North State in 1776; SECOND SERIES, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by

Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.*

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge*, on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59:1y)

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

THE FAR-FAMED AND POPULAR
Maryland Lotteries
for July, 1857. R. FRANCE & CO., Managers. All Prize Scheme!! Grand Consolidated Lottery of Maryland, *Class I*, to be drawn SATURDAY, July 25th, in Baltimore, Md. *Drawings conducted under the superintendence of the State Lottery Commissioner.*

ALL PRIZE SCHEME.

☞ Each and every TICKET in this Lottery will be a PRIZE, for all those tickets without a drawn number, are each entitled to FIVE dollars gross!!! ☜

78 Numbers—12 Drawn Ballots.

1	$62.620	$62.620
2	12.000	25.000
2	10.000	20.000
2	8.000	16.000
2	6.000	12.000
5	5.000	25.000
10	2.600	26.000
196	400	78.400
66	200	13.200
66	100	6.600
66	90	5.940
66	60	3.960
4.092	40	163.680
25.740	20	514.800
45.760	5	228.800

76,076 prizes, amounting to $1.202.000

Wholes $20; *Halves* 10; *Quarters* 5; *Eighths* 2.50.

Certificate of 26 Wholes, ... $256 50
Do. 26 Halves, ... 128 25
Do. 26 Quarters, ... 64 12
Do. 26 Eighths, ... 32 06

HAVANA PLAN.
GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY of Md. *Extra Class 7*, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Friday, July 31st 1857.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

Capital Prizes.		*Approx. Prizes.*
1 prize of	$32.660	4 of $400
1 "	10.000	4 of 300
1 "	5.000	4 of 250
2 prizes of	4.000	8 of 200
2 "	3.000	8 of 150
2 "	2.500	8 of 100
2 "	2.000	8 of 90
2 "	1.750	8 of 80
2 "	1.500	8 of 70
2 "	1.250	8 of 60
20 "	750	80 of 50
20 "	600	00 of 40
40 "	400	160 of 30
103 "	300	412 of 30

1.000 prizes, amounting to $188.600

Whole Tickets $10; Halves 5; Quarters 2.50.

☞ Please address all orders for Tickets in the above Magnificent Schemes, to

T. H. HUBBARD & CO.
No. 29 Fayette st., or Box, No. 40,
(41::1y) Baltimore, Maryland.

COMMITTEES OF COMMON Schools from 3rd Monday April 1857 to 3rd Monday in April 1858.

DISTRICT.	NAMES OF COMMITTEE-MEN.
1	R. C. Scott G. L. Busic L. J. Apple.
2	W P Heath Daniel Huffines, Daniel R Low.
3	Jacob Gerringer John Paylor Wm Boon.
4	John Albright Hillery Huffman, G Starr.
5	Levi May, Jonathan Greeson, H Greeson.
6	John F Record, Henry Kime, Wm Smith.
7	A Maxwell, Wm Green Jno. M Wright.
8	Daniel Wirick, Jacob Smith, Henry Smith,
9	S H Denny, M. Wirick J. Gray.
10	Geo. Gannon Jno. A Pritchard J R Hanner.
11	D C Stewart, S Hunter, Gedeon Greeson.
12	Erevin Hanner Paul Coble J Hemphill.
13	James Gant, Spencer Bevill, J Parker.
14	Daniel Wirick, S McLintock, J Gilchrist
15	E Donnell, Jno. C Rankin, Thos. Buckhanan.
16	Jno. W. McMurray H A Sharp, R Kirkman.
17	W G Tucker, R D Thom, J B Gamble.
18	C Sinclair, Cornelius Dick, S W Barker.
19	Thomas E Moore, J Tatum, Jno. Pearson.
20	James Hobbs Andrew J Piles, Wm Scott.
21	Daniel Albright Caleb White, Lem Smith.
22	Alfred Ingold E F Cummings J N Short.
23	Samuel S Davis Wm Hodson, Geo. Beard.
24	R Steph